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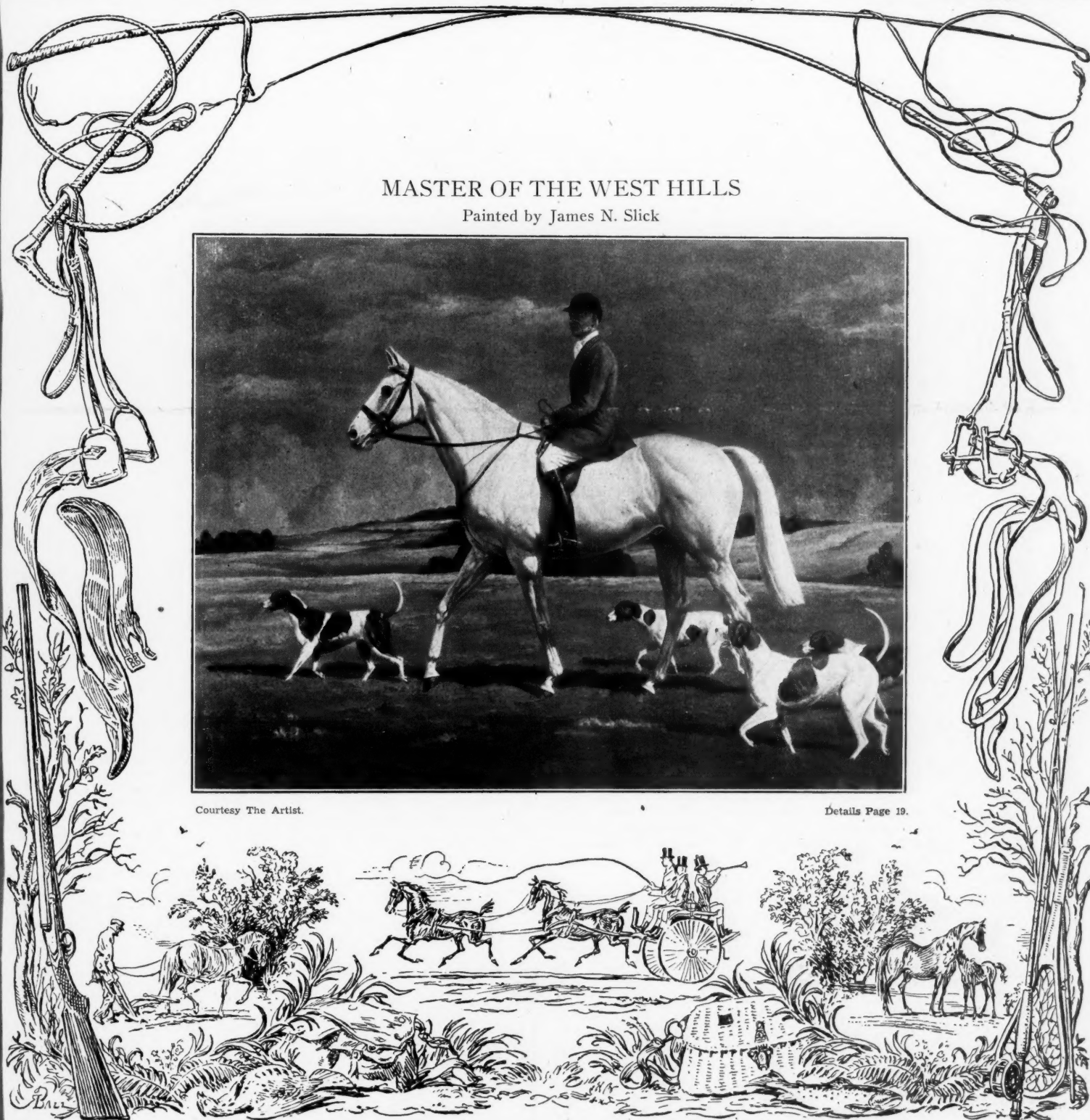
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Painted by James N. Slick



Courtesy The Artist.

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LAYING FOUNDATIONS

Through the courtesy of Brig. General F. W. Boye, executive vice-president of the U. S. Equestrian Team, Inc., and one of the workers for the National Fund for sending our civilian team to Helsinki this year, a review of U. S. Olympic performances was recently published in The Chronicle.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin of France founded the modern International Olympic Committee in 1894 through whose efforts the first of the modern Olympic Games were renewed in Athens in 1896. From 1912 when the first modern Olympic Equestrian Events were held at the Stockholm Games until 1932, it was significant that the United States won only once, in the 3-Day-Event. Previous to this our performances had been creditable but never outstanding. We had, however, shown a significant trend upward towards the leaders and this was true in not only the 3-Day-Event but also the dressage and Prix des Nations.

Few horsemen would have been willing to admit some years ago, or even as recently as the 1948 Olympics, that this country had an inferior grade of horsemanship when compared with European standards, or that our horses were not equal in their performance to those showing in the big European shows. Actually the figures as presented in the review of our Olympic performances show us more near the bottom than the top until very recent years. The reason for this is now fairly obvious. European horsemen are far more meticulous and patient in the training not only of themselves but of their horses. They figure in years, not months in turning out good horses and their own training has the benefit of such international schooling as the Spanish School of Vienna, England's National School, the French School at Saumur and the Italian School. The performances of the Lipizzans from the Spanish Riding School in Vienna in 1950 was an eye opener to many Americans, although it has been a familiar sight to European horsemen.

The fact of the matter is that when it came to the higher points of horsemanship, we just did not know. Our American officers such as the late General Harry Chamberlin realized what was going on in Europe when they competed against European horsemen. General Chamberlain's book on training jumpers is still the American classic on the subject but he was following the lead of European teachers and rewriting the works and findings of many years of experience at French, Belgian and Italian schools. Every time our Army teams went to Europe, or competed with Europeans, they returned to this country impressed with the ability of their opponents, but it was difficult for them as Army officers to impress the American citizen with what they had seen or to publicly urge improved standards here. Furthermore, the Army's performance was not that of the American civilian, if we were good or bad, to the American it was our American Army, not our own civilian standards that were responsible.

Now for the first time, American civilians are competing against Europeans, both Army and civilians. The yardstick is an American level of horsemanship which is familiar to other Americans, many of whom have watched or ridden with Billy Steinkraus, Arthur McCashin and Major John Russell. If this team does well in Europe, it will mean, first that our American standard of horsemanship has improved steadily along with the standard of our American Army that previously had been improving against European competition. It will also show that American horses are the equal of European horses in spite of having a minimum of training under European competition.

If we can believe pictures and accounts of contemporary European horsemen, the standard and facilities under which our riders are receiving their initial training are still far inferior to the training our competitors are receiving at European shows and schools. Only by stepping up our own training tremendously are we able to compete at all successfully in the Olympics. Instead of the Olympics being a natural evolution from our own exhibitions, it is a radical departure from the type schooling the average American horse and rider is familiar with. This is not the fault of any one individual or group, but it still is the wrong approach to horsemanship so long as we wish to compete successfully with the world of horsemanship.

Future Olympic competition should be made immeasurably easier,

if we adopt higher standards. These standards must start at our small shows and must work upward to such international competitions as The Pennsylvania National, The National and The Royal Winter Fair. Younger riders should be faced at an early age, as should young horses, with water jumps, flights of bars, jumps broader, stiffer and a standard of competition set by the demands of a time clock. If we raise the sights of the nation and not just the Olympic competitors, then future Olympics can be taken in stride and we need not be content with pulling rabbits out of the hat every time we wish to compete against horsemen of the world.

Letters To The Editor

'Chasing Riders Abroad

Dear Editor:

After a pleasant trip across on the Queen Elizabeth, we landed in England and spent the first five weeks of the trip there. The majority of that time we were engaged in race going and riding out.

Among some of the more prominent trainers we rode work with were Ivor Anthony (he has Canford, Shackleton and Blakeley Grove which just won the last week in December), Fulke Walwyn, Tim Hamey, Gerald Balding, George Archibald, Jimmy Elwell and Harry E. Whiteman. I would like to write a page or two about each and the horses they have, but that would take up too much room.

We went racing at Kempton Park, Hurst Park, Sandown Park, Newbury, Worcester, Cheltenham, Nottingham, Manchester, Wincanton, Windsor and Warwick. During the 'chasing season' these places have six steeplechases or hurdle races per day. There must be at least one 3-mile 'chase on every day's card. The going is from "just moderate" to "very deep" during most of the late fall and winter. The fences are much stiffer than ours, but the horses jump them a good deal better due to their slower speed. Very few horses fall, but if one makes a proper mistake, he has to go down as you can get through but very little of these fences.

I had an opportunity to ride in five races while we were in England, and while I did not enjoy any success, it was much fun, nonetheless. Gene had ridden in one—his weight has deprived him of the chance of more. I was 4th my first ride on an old horse of Bob McCreery's (the English boy who rode two winners for Burly Cocks last year) called Glenwood. I think I would have almost won it but for the fact that a horse fell right under me three fences out and almost put me down. I rode a horse called Dirty Weather at Nottingham next and got knocked off him at the open ditch. The ground here makes you feel as if you're landing on a mattress.

I then rode a horse called Group Leader in a 2-mile 'chase (no luck) and a couple of hurdle horses called Royalwood and Blue China (both were and still are maidens). Gene rode an old 'chaser called Merry Mart, his first ride at Kempton Park, and went well. The horse needed the race. Merry Mart is trained by Harry Whiteman who is Joan O'Shea's father.

Along with the racing we got some good hunting, thanks to Gerald Balding, down in the southwestern end of the island. Also we saw the Duke of Rutland's pack at work. Both of us attended the December sales at Newmarket. Saw Dave O'dell and Humphrey Finney there. Dave got kicked very badly in the back but according to reports, is all right now.

Before leaving England, I would like to say that never have a group of people been any nicer or more cordial to two American boys than the English racing people were. The owners, trainers and jockeys were all tops.

From England we flew to Ireland to stay for a fortnight. There was no racing there at the time, but we saw many horses and a lot of the country. We covered Ireland in this fashion: landed in Dublin and rode out with Dublin trainers for a couple of days, such as Willie and Martin Byrne. They train their horses at Phoenix Park which is the largest public park in the world (2,000 acres). It is right in the city of Dublin and has a beautiful race course in its midst. We joined up with Pug McKenzie there who had just arrived from the states.

After Dublin we spent a day on The Curragh riding work and schooling with Martin Quirk. We saw and walked the course at Punchestown which consists of nothing but Irish banks of all sizes and types. Had lunch with Don Moore, a cousin of Mike and Paddy's (Smithwick) at Fairyhouse. We then drove down to Limerick to stay with Martin Molony for a few days. He is almost a legend in Ireland now. He rode 168 winners on the flat and over fences last year. Right now he is recovering from a bad spill sustained at Leopardstown three months ago. He cracked the base of his skull and will not be able to ride competitively again until around June. While we were there we had a wonderful day's hunting over banks with the County Limerick. Never had a better hunt or more enjoyment in our lives.

After leaving Martin's we started back to Dublin by way of Tipperary where we stopped to see Vince O'Brien's string. He has, among 45

Continued On Page 19

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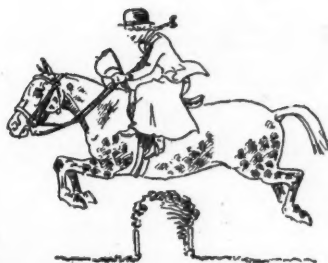
Horse Shows

WEEKLY NEWS

FROM THE

SHOW CIRCUITS

Nancy G. Lee



Importance and Need For Equitation and Schooling Shows

One of the shortcomings of our system of horse shows is the difficulty for the beginner or the "small man" (who may own just one horse and may not be in a position to spend unlimited amounts for transportation) to get recognized. Both the newcomer, as well as the "one horse enthusiast", run at most shows head-on into "big time" competition. Their chances to stand up against such competition are small and many of those who might become a valuable reservoir in the future for national and international events, are getting discouraged and decide not to show at all.

For the good of riding, jumping and hunting it seems worthwhile not to lose these mostly younger horse people and ways should be found to enable them to match their abilities and their horses with those of equal standing. It this can be accomplished, the better ones will not find it too difficult to eventually gain recognition and success in larger shows.

The problem might be solved, at least partly, if more stables, riding academies and schools would make use of the medium of equitation shows on one and schooling shows on the other hand. It is hardly necessary to say that there is a decisive difference between the two. An equitation show aims solely at the abilities of the rider, whereas the judge in schooling shows will have to pass on the horses mainly (which does not exclude the addition of some equitation classes).

There are hundreds of stables, riding academies and a certain number of preparatory schools in the country which include the sport on horseback in their curriculum. Many of them will not have the facilities to stage either one of these shows on their own grounds. Those, however, which have the possibilities, should get together with other riding establishments in the vicinity to arrange for one of the two types of shows suggested above once or twice every year. Besides the advantage of such shows for the sport generally, they will also prove to be a good promotion for the business and increase the number as well as the interest of the patrons, old and young.

Special care must be taken as far as the organization of such shows is concerned. The contestants, especially in equitation shows and classes, must be fully convinced that they will be judged fairly and squarely—solely on the basis of their showing. They must feel that no other angles what-so-ever enter into the judging. Since such shows will, in most cases, not be recognized shows, the person or persons who judge are of the utmost importance. It should be the unwritten law of such shows that no person connected in any way with the stable which puts on the show, its owner, manager or instructors should do the judging. The best way seems to be to form a committee of the competitors and let such a committee select an outside judge. This method has been proven very successfully in several equitation shows. However, very many other shows of the same kind are still violating this rule of "fair play". In addition, no one professionally connected with the stable should be in the ring while the judging is going on or act as ringmaster or in any other official capacity. Again the aforementioned committee of the contestants should select the ringmaster and any other officials who might be necessary to assure the smooth running of events.

The competitors in such shows are largely children, let's say, up to 18

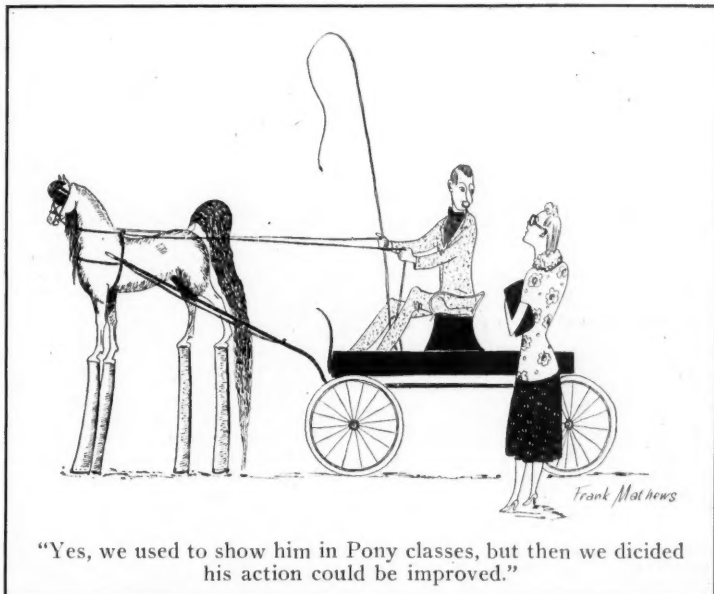
years. To make secure their confidence in judging generally, such rules seem to be indispensable. Their observance is also in the interest of the stable since it absolves the management of all accusations of partiality, which will come up otherwise, regardless of how hard it tried to put over the show as fairly as possible. Actually, it does not make any difference whether the contestants are children or adults as far as these simple basis "laws" are concerned. Equitation and schooling shows can fulfill their very important purpose for the future of the sport only if everyone can participate in full confidence and can leave the show with the conviction that things were handled as impartially as humanly possible.

So, let's get started and have many of these inexpensive and purposeful shows.

Hurry scurry—1. Coon Dog, C. L. Hubble; 2. Why Not, Carol Summers; 3. Wampus Kitty; 4. Ruf Enuf; 5. Smuggler, Beverly Kaminsky. Handy working hunters—1. Tejon; 2. Smuggler; 3. Notorious, Paula West; 4. Wise Woman; 5. Ruf Enuf. Open jumpers—1. Spare Time, Dr. M. Carpy; 2. Wampus Kitty; 3. Why Not; 4. Catastrophe; 5. G. I. Hurry scurry—1. Coon Dog; 2. Wampus Kitty; 3. Wise Woman; 4. Ruf Enuf; 5. Why Not. Seat and hands over jumps, 18 and under—1. Patsy Barr; 2. Paula West; 3. Shirley Hubble; 4. Bobby Swanton; 5. Beverly Kaminsky. English equitation, 12 and under—1. Susan Warner; 2. Bert Swanton; 3. Michael A. Pendergast; 4. Marion Jackson; 5. Bobby Swanton. English equitation, 12 to 16—1. Marilyn Harris; 2. Shirley Hubble; 3. Carol Lee Summers; 4. Paula West; 5. Patsy Barr.

Secor Farms Riding Club

The second indoor show at Secor



"Yes, we used to show him in Pony classes, but then we decided his action could be improved."

Barbara Worth Riding Club

The annual horse show held by the Barbara Worth Riding Club did not draw its usual overflow crowd this year due to an unusual seige of cold weather and fog. The most interest class, and always a favorite with the audience, is the hurry scurry. Horses are brought in prior to the class and "auctioned" off to the audience. The money is put in a pool, and the man buying the winning horse is winner of a percentage of the pool. This is carried on through the 5th place winner. Horses sometimes sell for as much as \$60 and as low as \$1.00. The winner of both scurry events was Coon Dog, owned by C. L. Hubble and ably ridden by Shirley Hubble.

The open jumper classes were split between Catastrophe, owned and ridden by Miss Paula West and Spare Time, owned by Dr. Mathilda Carpy and shown by Miss Eva Taverna. Miss West suffered some bad luck recently when her newly acquired hunter, High Showers, injured himself in the stall and will be laid up for an indefinite length of time.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT
SidelinerPLACE: Sacramento, Calif
TIME: December 14-15.
JUDGE: Clyde Kennedy.

SUMMARIES

Open working hunters—1. Bookmaker, Shirley Hubble; 2. Beverbalance, J. Cribley; 3. Ruf Enuf, Mary Turner; 4. Tejon, Patsy Barr; 5. Ruf Time, Carol Summers. Open jumpers—1. Catastrophe, Paula West; 2. Wampus Kitty, Carol Ballinger; 3. Yellow Fever, Pat Sewell; 4. G. I., Agnes Storer; 5. Wise Woman, Marybeth Cassidy.

SHOWING

The winning hunt team was composed of Wee-3 Stables' Andante and Robert Gussenhoven's Winterton, led by Mrs. Dave Kelly on A. M. Wilcox' Rose Parade.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT
GeorgePLACE: White Plains, N. Y.
TIME: December 23.
JUDGE: Charles Bernuth.

SUMMARIES

Working hunter hack—1. Tasket, Secor Farms; 2. Winterton, Robert Gussenhoven; 3. Chickstraw, Mrs. Robert Schmid; 4. Bob, Moffat Myers.

Children, hunter seat—1. Roberta Frank; 2. Margot Barry; 3. Heidi Schmid; 4. Kitty Kittell.

Working hunters—1. Mountain Flag, Secor Farms; 2. Royal Guard, Mrs. G. Manville; 3. Rose Parade, A. M. Wilcox; 4. Hawk, Mr. and Mrs. O. Appleton.

Intermediate horsemanship—1. Fred Lampe; 2. B. Martini; 3. Mel Livers; 4. Dick Bandler. Advanced horsemanship—1. Victor Hugo-Vidal; 2. Mrs. Georgina Manville; 3. Dave Ellis; 4. Mrs. Alvin I. Lindsay.

Hunt teams—1. Rose Parade; Andante, Wee-3 Stables; Winterton; 2. Russian Eagle, K. Davidoff; Bob; Grand Summit, Secor Farms; 3. Black Knight, M. Montagnon; Chickstraw; Silver King, Dr. F. Landau; 4. Royal Guard; Golden Boy, Secor Farms; Tasket.

Open jumping stake (held under modified F.E.I. rules)—1. Jack-O-Lantern, Dave Kelly.

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FAR HILLS, N. J.

Annual A. H. S. A. Meeting

Attendance Established New Record With Busy Week-End For Horse Show Group

Nancy G. Lee

Every year the American Horse Show Association attempts to make changes which will benefit all horsemen concerned. This year, however, the association delved deeper into the procedure of its annual meeting on January 4 and came up with new plans which sent the attendance to an all time high. Junior exhibitors were invited and then members could stay over until Saturday for three open forums. With over 350 people on hand for the luncheon at the Starlight Roof on the 4th, it can be seen how the plans appealed to managers and delegates.

As usual, the directors of the Association officially started the meeting on Friday. The show delegates met an hour later. Even though there are still a number of shows to be heard from, 133 show dates were allotted. This early in the season will make some of the dates tentative, but the interest of the shows was clearly shown by the number of delegates on hand.

There has still not been any plan worked out to end the informal cocktail hour and get the people seated for lunch. Adrian Van Sinderen, president of the A. H. S. A., makes a valiant attempt every year and while he comes very close to succeeding there are still people who are stragglers. This, plus the fact that 50 more people appeared for lunch than had notified the association. Everyone connected with the luncheon rose gallantly to the cause and even though the necessary additions of tables, chairs and food caused some delay, nobody paid any attention to the lateness of the hour.

Following the luncheon, Mr. Van Sinderen made the annual report of the president. Of interest was the fact that a resume of the proposed 1952 amendments to the rules were mailed to 2,000 exhibitors and show officials so that suggestions or criticisms could be made before the rule book was printed, rather than after it had been published. This certainly afforded one and all an opportunity to express himself or herself before the rules became an actuality.

Mr. Van Sinderen did not read all the figures from the analysis of catalogues of 200 recognized shows in 1950 and 1951 and only the hunter and jumper figures will be included here. Conformation hunters still continue to decrease in number and in 1951 there were 8,249 shown in 794 classes as compared with 10,416 which showed in 1930 events in 1950. Last year more classes were offered for young hunters (113) but the entries dropped to 1,187 as against 1,209 showing in 92 classes in 1950. Working hunters continue to dominate the ranks and the number of classes for them increased from 873 in 1950 to 968 in 1951. The entries increased from 12,909 to 13,775. Green hunters showed a decrease from 3,575 to 3,378 and their number of classes dropped from 280 to 229.

With the many open jumpers seen last year, it didn't appear possible that their number had done anything but increase. However, while the number of classes went from 1,080 to 1,171, the number of entries dropped from 18,450 to 17,057.

Junior exhibitors enjoyed an increase in equitation classes from 1,023 to 1,165 and this brought out 13,519 entries in 1951 as compared with 12,358 in 1950.

For the first time the A. H. S. A. included hunter-jumper ponies in their high score awards and this little band also showed a gain in its ranks. From 98 classes in 1950 they went to 176 with 1,907 entries showing in 1951 for a gain over the 1,300 in 1950.

In presenting the facts about the contributions to the U. S. Equestrian Team, Mr. Van Sinderen said that although professional horsemen are not allowed to compete in the Olympic Games, their association, the Professional Horsemen's Association, had subscribed to the fund and many

of the professionals, themselves, had contributed privately.

His review of the past year completed, Mr. Van Sinderen began what he always considers a pleasant duty—making the high score awards. Sixteen such awards are made and they are not the selections of the association, but are based on the highest accumulation of points by any one horse in a specific division.

When he picked up the card which noted the fact that Mr. Joseph E. O'Connell's My Bill was the conformation hunter champion, Mr. Van Sinderen remarked that My Bill "was one of the outstanding performers of the year." Mrs. Jane Pohl Rust rode the champion during the season. Runners-up were W. Haggin Perry's Master Key, Waverly Farm's Bright Light, Mrs. Hugh Barclay's Quaker Bonnet and Mrs. L. J. Knowles' Forward Passer.

When Mrs. Don J. Ferraro received the working hunter award for her Sombrero, Mr. Van Sinderen said that Sombrero was "way and above anybody else in scoring." Mrs. Kenneth Winchell was in the irons throughout the show season. Runners-up were Miss Betty Jane Baldwin's Brandywine, J. D. McKinnon's Tarad, Mr. and Mrs. Haggin Perry's One More Pennant and Miss Maxine IX' Ally Broom.

Before making the jumper award for Arthur Nardin's Trader Bedford, Mr. Van Sinderen said they "didn't know until the final days of The National Horse Show that Trader Bedford was going to win. Competition was close." Trader Bedford was ridden in the first part of the show year by William Steinkraus, now a member of the U. S. Equestrian Team, and then by Raymond Burr. Runners-up were Millarden Farm's All Afire and Injun Joe, Theodore Gussenhoven's Peg's Pride and Mrs. Hubert R. Thomas' Velvet Lassie.

Winner of the first hunter pony award was Miss Laura Lee Shreve's Popsicle. This young owner-rider covered a lot of shows last year and always presented keen competition. Runners-up were Ruth S. Sterbak's Surprise, Sidney Gadd's C Raven's Raven, Miss Cynthia Graffman's Quiz Kid and Miss Shreve's Chico.

Usually the three A. H. S. A. medal classes are won by young ladies but this year Victor Hugo-Vidal, Jr. stepped in at The National Horse Show to win the finals. He was therefore awarded the A. H. S. A. Medal Class, hunting seat, trophy.

The meeting closed on a very pleasant note and horsemen were reminded that the next day the forum for show committees would be presided over by Ike Lanier, forum for exhibitors by C. J. Cronan, Jr., who was also selected as chairman of the nominating committee for the year, and the forum for stewards by Andrew M. Montgomery.

REPORT OF PRESIDENT

FELLOW MEMBERS:

Thirty-six years ago this Association was founded. During its life the world has suffered the greatest series of crises in all history. We may take great satisfaction in the fact that our sport can exist and can improve in the face of the wars and the evils attendant upon wars which for over a quarter of a century have threatened the nation's security and economic stability. Our Individual membership in 1951 aggregates 2,726—up 84 over 1950, and our Show Members total 246—up one over 1950. This compares with 1,272 Individuals and 180 Shows in 1945.

As your Treasurer has pointed out the cost of carrying on your business has increased, along with all other costs, and we are put to it to do our job on our present income. I believe that your Association needs and deserves increased financial support.

The Directors have just provided two additional forms of membership for those who desire to assist the Association. Hereafter one may become a Contributing Member upon

the payment of \$25 a year or a Life Member upon a single payment of \$250. I greatly hope that at this gathering and from all parts of the United States we may recruit members under these headings and I ask you for your cooperation to that end.

A year ago your attention was invited to the fact that the greatest percentage of increase in our membership had occurred in California. In the belief that such a growth merited some official recognition your President, during the Grand National Livestock Exposition Horse Show in November, called and presided at an informal meeting in San Francisco of Individual Members and the representatives of many shows on the Pacific coast. Much goodwill stemmed from this meeting. It may surprise you to learn that in California we have 449 Individual Members and 24 Recognized Shows, making that State second only to New York in these respects. When we compare these figures with fifteen years ago, when the index figure for California was 1 for Shows and zero for Individual Members, we may feel that the Association has enjoyed a wholesome and increasing influence on the west coast.

Because the presentation of certain figures has met a favorable response in the past, there is inserted in this report, for the fourth time, an analysis of the trends in entries as revealed by the 1951 catalogues and as tabulated by our Executive Secretary, Mr. Buell. This chart sets forth by shows and by classes the number of horses appearing in our rings in the various divisions and the premiums which are offered.

RULES IN BEHALF OF EXHIBITORS

Most of the rules in the book have been written to make the game fair for exhibitors. At least 16 members of our Board are regular exhibitors and they reside in ten different states. Many of the members of our various committees are exhibitors. The initiation of the requirements covering stewards was done for the benefit of exhibitors. There are probably as many rules in the book benefitting exhibitors as there are necessary rules governing requirements. May I cite a few rules which have been adopted solely in the interest of exhibitors. A show must advertise its judges. The time schedule cannot be changed without the exhibitors' approval. The written approval of exhibitors is necessary to the acceptance of post entries unless post entry permission is originally advertised. The Standard Specifications for the judging of classes are drawn up by Division Committees for the benefit of exhibitors. An exhibitor has the right to make a protest. All entries must be on the same basis; no exhibitor may be favored by free entry or free stabling as against another exhibitor paying these charges. The specifications of a challenge trophy may not be changed after an exhibitor has won one leg on a cup. The Association offers High Score Awards and also sponsors Medal Classes for exhibitors.

This Fall we submitted a resume of the proposed 1952 amendments to the rules to 2,000 exhibitors and show officials, with a request for comment or criticism. I know of no governing body in any other sport which ever took such a step. The press unanimously acclaimed our action; from the members thus circularized we received 40 responses. All contained interesting comment and a few offered good suggestions. All were in favor of the proposed changes except as to one item. And this is a knockout! Nobody wanted the rule that only serviceably sound horses are eligible for an award. No sir, everybody wants to let the old corks into the ribbons. So at the desire of exhibitors we have voted that rule out! Otherwise by tacit assent the members approved the results of the Directors' labors. We know that the Association does a lot for the exhibitors.

FOUR MAJOR PROBLEMS

I should like now to discuss quite frankly some of the problems which most conspicuously beset us. It is not necessary at this point to emphasize the fact that there is no way to please everybody. I am reminded of the story which comes to us in the form of a fable from out

of the Orient. It has to do with a father, his son and a donkey. It was a hot and dusty day as they trudged along, the donkey in front, nobbed grass as he walked. Finally they passed an old man who cried out to them: "You two are awfully stupid to walk on a hot day like this when you have a donkey to ride." The father thought this good advice so he and the boy got aboard. Pretty soon they came to a village and someone in the street yelled out: "Isn't it terrible on a hot day like this to see two people riding a poor little donkey." The father thought may be after all this was a good idea so he got off but allowed his son to remain in the saddle. Father down the village street another passerby called out: "It is a shame for a strong lad to ride a donkey on a hot day and let his poor father trudge along behind in the dust." So the father thought perhaps this was the solution and he lifted the boy down and got on the animal himself. They went along a short distance and came to another house in the doorway of which stood an old hag. As they passed she shrieked: "Shame! Shame!" For a man to ride a donkey and let his child walk in the dust behind.

In other words, my friends, you cannot please all the people all of the time.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that most of the difficulties which we experience at our respective shows throughout the year stem from one of four causes: no attempt is made to name them in order of importance because I believe that weighed in the balance they are about equal.

1. The first of these is Ignorance. Sometimes show management lacks the knowledge or experience to run a show properly. Our correspondence bears proof of many errors of omission and commission on the part of show officials, errors which are not intentional but which result from ignorance. In no slightest degree is this a criticism of these hard-working, unpaid officials. We must remember that with a few exceptions most show officials, although they hold office for the entire year, are active in show matters for only one month of that time. They hasten with excitement to the putting on of their show and some of them with even greater alacrity quit its portals with the last bugle, happy if the event has been a financial success and somewhat indifferent about other details once it is over.

We would like to hold a school for show secretaries but the size of the United States militates against such an attempt. We do our best throughout the year to answer the questions of show officials. This year our office reviewed many prize lists before they went to press, a service which has proved helpful and is increasingly requested. We are here to assist you and we work at that fifty-two weeks a year. If a show official feels that he needs information, call or write us. Maybe we can help.

Ignorance is not however confined to officials. It is also sometimes revealed by judges who do not know how properly to handle a class and who have undertaken to dispense justice without possessing the qualifications necessary for the performance of that task. I shall refer later on to judges. Some exhibitors are ignorant of the rules of the game. They do not know the requirements of showing and do not even possess a Rule Book. These people desire awards which their entries do not deserve. Some exhibitors judge the class all the time they are in the ring and know what every horse did the whole time—except their own.

2. Cheating. It is regrettable that a small number of persons in our midst annually violate our rules. Right here I desire to express my great appreciation of the very many fine sportsmen who through the years have steadfastly maintained the integrity of our sport and whose presence in the show ring upholds our finest tradition.

The cheaters are found in each of the various categories of persons who participate in a show. Cheating manifests itself in various ways—It generally comes from the over ambitious to win" exhibitor who sees no harm in deceit provided he is not caught. I blush to think of the

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A.H.S.A. Meeting

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attempts which have been made in the past twelve months, of which we in the office have most positive knowledge, by exhibitors who have falsified their entries, as to height, age, experience or other factor, or who have tried to substitute a horse.

From their actions one would think that those who play a crooked game, in any phase of horse show activities, be they manager, judge or exhibitor, do so in the belief that no word of their misconduct is spread abroad. People of guile seem sometimes to be guileless in their home that information as to misdoing does not leak out. The man who makes an illegal entry, the professional who performs in the ring under a status which he does not enjoy, the exhibitor who badges a judges, with the intent of bettering the award which he receives, not only lives in a fog of misconception but thinks that that fog renders him invisible to the rest of the world. Such a man resembles the ostrich.

Management is sometimes guilty of cheating. It is not unheard of for management to accept an ineligible entry in order to secure the horses of an exhibitor who is willing to cheat by making such an entry. We know that false measurements are sometimes condoned and notice requirements are forgotten, at the expense of other exhibitors.

3. **Judges.** Now as to the matter of judges. How does one become a judge? What steps does the Association take to ascertain a candidate's qualifications? How may a judge lose his card? How can we improve the system of enrolling judges? Let us try to answer these questions.

We need to go back fifteen years to the time when there were no recognized judges. In the endeavor to enroll such officials the following procedure was adopted. A candidate signed a form stating how many shows he had judged and also presented letters from two senior judges as to his qualifications. In the face of prophesy that no one would enroll, this plan succeeded to such an extent that our list mounted to over 600 in number. We were confronted with the fact that apparently nobody wanted to write a letter against a prospective judge. 99 out of 100 letters were in favor of the candidates. Was the public honest with us?

To correct this situation we adopted a new procedure. A Judges Committee, of which Mr. Whitney Stone is Chairman, was formed. Its records are kept at his office, thus enabling us to give assurance that any letter addressed to the Committee concerning a judge will be held in strict confidence and not revealed to any one other than a member of the Committee. With this assurance we are able to secure more accurate information with respect to a candidate. Instead of the two letters from senior judges which were demanded in the beginning, the Judges Committee—not the candidate—sends out at least 20 questionnaires for each applicant, a form with which many of you are familiar. The Committee endeavors to be discriminating in its judgment and it has not hesitated to turn down candidates whose name did not appear to merit approval. On the other hand, and this is a vital point which I desire to stress, the Committee is faced with the fact that unless we constantly add to the judges' list a normal attrition will bring us to the position of lacking a sufficient number of judges. It is not possible to pronounce a young candidate unworthy because he cannot measure up to the foremost judge in his division. We must give newcomers an opportunity to prove themselves. This sport will not succeed if we adopt some system of restriction which refuses to give the newcomer a chance. It takes experience to pass on individual horses and even more experience to weigh the merits of the entire group of horses which constitute a class. That experience will never be gained anywhere except in the show ring. Inevitably some who try will fail. It's all in the game.

As to this I am sure we are all in agreement. But one other objection remains in your minds. Some of these already on the list are of indifferent competence as judges.

What remedy can we find for this? Well, let us examine that one. In the first place the Judges Committee is removing from the list this year the names of all judges who have not officiated for a period of three years. This will eliminate better than 60 names. Secondly, the rules for 1952 do away with the automatic promotion from Junior to Senior Judge. The provision that after 10 shows a Junior Judge becomes a Senior Judge is dated. This promotion will hereafter be by vote of the Committee after investigation and not by regulation. The result of this rule will be to raise more quickly to Senior status that candidate who shows extreme proficiency in his work and to slow down or completely arrest the progress of a candidate who seems to lack the necessary ability. Another amendment provides that any judge who is reported to the Association for conducting a class in violation of the rules and specifications which govern that class shall be invited to appear before the Enforcement Committee for a hearing. If found guilty he shall be subject to the penalties provided in Rule XI. One of those penalties is the loss of his judge's card. That will eliminate some incompetents.

That these are all forward looking steps which should prove valuable cannot be contradicted. We are striving with all the wisdom we possess to improve judging, as well as every other phase of activity at our shows. Were it possible for the Association to employ enough judges in each of our twelve divisions to serve the needs of all the shows in all 48 states the Union it might—I repeat it might—be an improvement. It would involve an expense so staggering that it cannot be contemplated. Human nature being what it is, it might not be an improvement. We have all heard of "mobbing the umpire" at a professional ball game, which indicates that the dictum made by an employed official, even if correct, is not necessarily palatable. It is doubtful that the word of an official employed by the Association would be received with any greater approbation by the disconsolate than is accorded the judgment of some of those expert ladies and gentlemen who in the interest of our sport are willing to undertake the difficult assignment of judging in our show rings. We strive for wisdom and an open mind with respect to the situation. Suggestions for improvement, properly presented to the Board of Directors, always receive attention.

4. **Misconduct.** In Horse Show Association language misconduct refers to those actions which violate Association rules. It is regrettable that the matter should require mention but inasmuch as 6 persons have been disciplined during this year for misconduct, and one judge has lost his judge's card for that reason, we cannot pass it by.

ENFORCEMENT COMMITTEE

It is the sense of your Board of Directors that in the past we have been too lenient in cases of misconduct. The Constitution now provides for an Enforcement Committee, to consist of not less than four and not more than six Directors, who shall serve with the President in matters of discipline. This new Committee is empowered to hear and determine all cases involving violations and penalties, to consider all evidence submitted in connection with any protest or charge and to render final decision thereon and to determine and impose a penalty therefor. In the future, instead of waiting for meetings of the Executive Committee, violations will be handled by the Enforcement Committee and the Association expects to render prompter action by this procedure.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding as to what constitutes violations the principal offenses listed in the 1952 rules are as follows:

1. misrepresentation of any kind with respect to a horse, including name, height, age, eligibility, etc.
2. substitution of a horse;
3. misrepresentation of the age or status of a rider or driver;
4. violation of Association rules;
5. acting or inciting others to act in a manner deemed improper, dishonest, unsportsmanlike, intemperate or prejudicial to the best interests of the Association;

6. withdrawal of a horse from a show without permission;

7. abuse of a horse by excessive poling or other acts cited in Rule III;

8. failure to return a challenge trophy;

9. adjudication not in accordance with the rules;

10. failure to record a horse after competing at three recognized shows.

The penalties provided include censure, suspension, expulsion, revocation of judge's card, forfeiture of ribbons and prizes, etc.

MUST OWN A RULE BOOK

Without trespassing too much upon your patience may I touch very briefly on two or three other points. It will be more than ever necessary in 1952 for every participant at a horse show to own a copy of the Rule Book. In the interest of management, and because of the very high cost of printing catalogues, the new rules provide that for reason of economy a catalogue may omit the printing of class specifications by stating: "Every class offered herein which is covered by the rules and specifications of the current A. H. S. A. Rule Book will be conducted and judged in accordance therewith." If that statement is made in the catalogue the show is relieved of the obligation of printing this vast amount of material. This does not, however, relieve an official, exhibitor, or judge from knowing the precise details, as stated in the Rule Book, which govern his actions.

WANTED—A RULE

Speaking of the Rule Book suggests the thought that few persons grasp the difficulties of writing a rule. A threefold task confronts one: first, fully to understand the problem involved; second, to reach a fair and proper solution; third, to couch a rule in such language as shall accurately define the procedure. A typical example may prove of interest.

Recently we have been requested to write a rule covering the closing of the in-gate. All exhibitors are familiar with the experience of having a late comer enter the arena with a fresh horse, to win over those

exhibitors who appeared promptly when the class was called and whose horses have worked sufficiently to lose their bloom. The occurrence arouses the ire of the contestants and poses a difficult task for the judge. We would like to stop the practice. But before attempting to write a rule let us study the situation. In the first place we have already made two attempts to solve this problem. The 1940 Rule Book contained this clause: "Within the discretion of the management of a show a period of not more than five minutes may be allowed during which horses shall be permitted to enter the ring. At the expiration of this period, gates shall be closed and no other horses shall be permitted to enter." I believe the rule was written at the instance of the Kentucky State Fair. At that fixture at that time it required five minutes to traverse the distance between the further stables and the in-gate. The

Continued On Page 6



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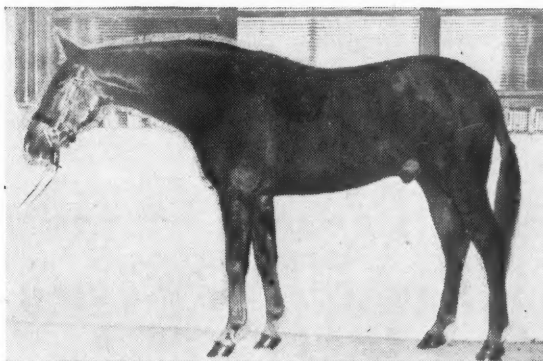
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A.H.S.A. Meeting

Continued From Page 5

owners of excitable five gaited horses had no desire to bring their animals to the arena, perhaps at night and in the rain, and then be forced to stand around under the open sky because the show was late. In requesting the five minute rule the management respected their desire to remain in the stables until the class was called.

But there are fixtures at which a five minutes wait cannot be tolerated. Such shows as the National in New York, the American Royal in Kansas City and other large fixtures have a heavy schedule and are under heavy expense per minute. Constant five minute waits would be intolerable to the audience and expensive as to time. Therefore the rule was deleted.

A year ago, however, due to the persistence of certain persons in the jumper division in continuing to practise jumping outside the ring after they had been called and thus delaying a show, the following rule was incorporated, in the jumper division only: "When it is found that a class is being delayed by horses not being ready to jump, the competition may be closed at the order of the judges, provided warning is issued and exhibitors are given three

minutes in which to appear at the in-gate ready to participate.

It is now desired that a rule about the in-gate shall be written to cover all divisions. In writing a rule we are faced with the question as to who should order the gate closed? The judge in the ring does not know how many exhibitors are planning to enter and is therefore unable to state when the gate should be closed. It is not the function of the steward to operate the show. He is there to enforce the rules. At the moment we have no rule about this. The show manager seems a likely person but he has far too many duties to permit of his being at the in-gate for everyone of 60 to 100 classes. At most shows the in-gate is not a person of any great authority and he would rouse the ire of a belated exhibitor were he, without orders, to close the gate before every exhibitor had entered the ring. Who then should order the in-gate closed and at what point, so as to be fair to all concerned? Suggestion as to how this rule should be worded may be handed in writing to the Secretary. If we can get a workable provision perhaps it can be included in the 1952 book.

ADDRESS LISTS

A new service for shows, which has enjoyed an enthusiastic reception this year, was the compiling of a series of mailing lists for the use of show management. Our staff has spent many hundreds of hours in preparing lists of exhibitors, dividing them according to divisions and also on a geographical basis. The lists were made available on loan to Recognized Shows with the understanding that they would be returned to our office and that the show would assist us by indicating any wrong addresses, deceased persons, etc., who might be included. Many shows availed themselves of these lists which contained such figures as the following: 1,600 hunter and jumper exhibitors, 1,200 saddle exhibitors, 400 western and palomino horse exhibitors, 250 heavy harness horse exhibitors, etc. With the help of show officials these lists can be made of even greater use. The assistance that we need is the inclusion in your catalogues of the correct addresses of exhibitors. We will be glad to do the work if the shows will furnish us the information. Obviously it is a great boon to a show manager to have laid in his lap a list of exhibitors by area and by division, to whom he may send his prize list.

One word about the current situation with regard to stewards. The stewards represents the A. H. S. A. at a Recognized Show. The philosophy behind the appointment of a

steward is this—to have in or around the ring, for the benefit of exhibitors, an official not connected with the management of the show whose duty it shall be to see that the rules of the Association are enforced. The steward's duties are four in number: he is to supervise the enforcement of Association rules; to report to the directors of the show a violation of the rules committed by an exhibitor, judge or official; to report such violation in his discretion to the Association; to see to it that horses required by the rules to be measured are measured by a veterinarian.

The 1951 rule stated that a manager of a show is ineligible to serve as a steward. The 1952 rule will name the following persons as being ineligible to serve as steward: manager, show officials, and judges and exhibitors at the show. At 8 shows in 1951 the stewards doubled by judging or exhibiting. Show officials served as stewards at 28 shows. For the most part the smaller shows were more careful than the larger ones in naming proper stewards. From the standpoint of efficiency the shows in New Jersey rated the highest with 78 percent; the shows on the Pacific Coast the lowest with 13 percent.

THE WORK OF THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE

One of the important tasks of the Association is to acquire and maintain adequate contact with horsemen in all sections of the United States and with those who give leadership in the various Divisions of horses. Our policy, insofar as possible, gives representation to each of these on our Directorate or on our many committees. The task presents itself as a formidable one; to get to know the leaders in this sport, in all its ramifications, in all forty-eight States, requires a great deal of travel by your President, and telephone calls by the hundreds. Your Nominating Committee has been diligent in the performance of its duties. The work of preparing the slate goes on for months before the annual meeting. Annually some committeemen die or resign, others who are unable or unwilling to perform their duties are dropped. Every year, from this podium I ask for suggestions for names. The Constitution, as revised for 1952, contains this clause:

Suggestions for nominations of Directors and Committee members should be addressed to the President or the Chairman of the Nominating Committee. To be considered all such suggestions must be in hand before December first preceding the annual meeting.

We welcome suggestions as to the names of those who might be

of assistance to the Association in one or more of its several functions.

FORUMS

Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock we are going to hold three forums here at the Waldorf; one for stewards, one for show officials and one for exhibitors. You have already received notice of these gatherings. They are an innovation and we can judge their effectiveness by the number who attend. I urge you to participate.

U. S. EQUESTRIAN TEAM

Many of our members, both individual and show, have subscribed or otherwise rendered assistance to the United States Equestrian Team and on behalf of that organization I desire to express great appreciation of that help. The members of the team are doing their utmost to fit themselves for participation in the Olympic Games at Helsinki. One of the greatest problems still confronting the effort is that of finances. We still need \$100,000 to cover all the costs. I urge upon the members of this Association that they continue their gifts and also that all shows repeat and increase their activities in behalf of the U. S. Equestrian Team. Your President is the Treasurer of this campaign and your gifts may be sent directly to him.

CONCLUSION

In closing may I thank the members of our Board and of our many Committees for their interest and cooperation during the year. Their loyalty in attending the various meetings, always at their own expense, is the foundation upon which our progress is built. The excellent work of our office staff deserves honorable mention. I want also to thank all those hundreds of persons who have been willing to act as judges, stewards, and show officials, and the thousands of exhibitors who have cooperated in this year's activities and whose efforts have brought the sport to its present excellence. Most worth while things are accomplished not by people working alone but through the joint efforts of a lot of people working together.

In the present state of the world the occasions should be encouraged which bring together the people of this vast country so that the folk from the north, south, east and west may intermingle and exchange opinions and get to know each other's views. In this welding of our nation horse shows play an active part. Let us keep our sport clean and let us go forward together into a great future.

My best wishes to you all for a Happy New Year.

Adrian Van Sinderen
President

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Classifieds

All requests for insertions should be sent to the advertising office, Berryville, Va. 25 cents per word including address, minimum charge per insertion: \$5.00. Add \$1.00 if name is withheld and answers are to be cleared through The Chronicle. No classifieds accepted after the Friday preceding publication.

For Sale

HORSES

Excellent young stud prospect for lease or sale by Pilate—Peggy Porter. Should have been a champion but injured as a 2-year-old, and although never fully recovered was still a good winner. Box JH, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t chg.

The Viceroy by *Mahmoud, one of America's leading sires, out of Nadushka by Vatout, going back to the *Teddy line. This horse can be leased reasonably owing to overstocking. Box JC, The Chronicle, Berryville, Virginia. 1t chg.

COLLECTORS' ITEMS

Series of 9 water colors by Wuecherer (1806), size 21 x 25, depicting deer hunts, framed in exquisite walnut frames, beautifully matted. Price for whole set \$1500. For single picture \$200. Box JD, The Chronicle, Berryville, Virginia. 1t chg

DOGS

Norwich (Jones) Terriers. P. O. Box 96. Upperville, Virginia. 1t.

Wanted

POSITION

Graduate Dutch Military Riding School desires position as trainer of horses for Dressage, high school, jumping. Excellent knowledge breeding. Trains hunters. Will teach riding. Speaks English. References. Box JG, The Chronicle, Berryville, Virginia. 1t pd.

Horseman. Small family. Lifetime experience riding, training, teaching and stable management. Will go anywhere job offers opportunity. Box JE, The Chronicle, Berryville, Virginia. 1t pd.

Horseman. Experienced in breed-take complete charge. Until recently had own stable. Highest references. Would prefer high class show position. Box JI, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t chg.

HELP

Trainer. Experienced, single, must have references. Permanent position with living quarters furnished. Box JF, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1-11-4t chg



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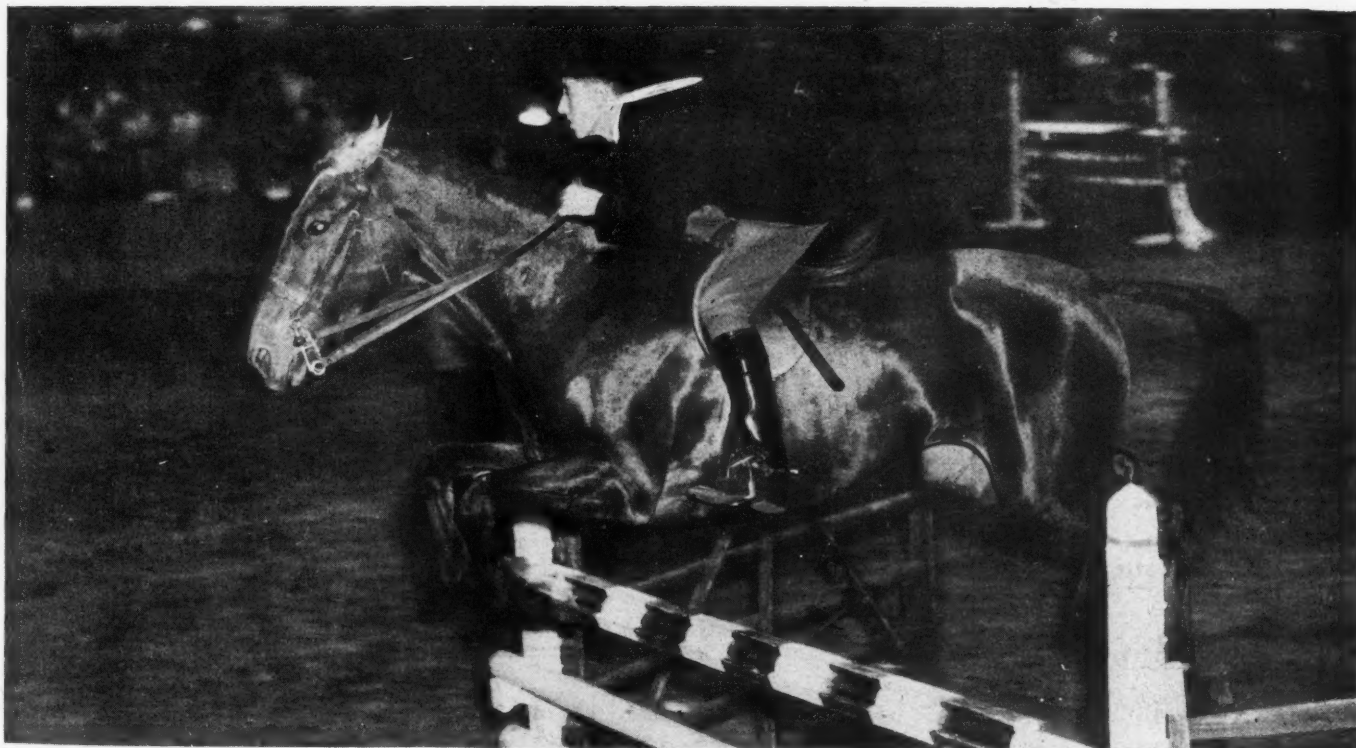
American Horse Shows Assn. High Score Awards



CONFORMATION HUNTER CHAMPION. Green Dunes Stable's My Bill, Mrs. Jane Pohl Rust up. (Metcalf Photo)



CHAMPION HUNTER PONY. Owner-rider Miss Laura Lee Shreve's Pop-sicle topped the ranks. (Darling Photo)



A. H. S. A. MEDAL CLASS (hunting seat) CHAMPION. Victor Hugo-Vidal, Jr. won the finals held at the National Horse Show. (Budd Photo)



WORKING HUNTER CHAMPION. Mrs. Don Ferraro's Sombrero with Mrs. K. Winchell up. (Freudy Photo)



CHAMPION OPEN JUMPER. Arthur Nardin's Trader Bedford, Raymond Burr riding. (Budd Photo)

California Racing

(Santa Anita Park Photos)



MR. AND MRS. HARRY JAMES' BIG NOISE (No. 6) taking the measure of Mrs. G. Guiberson's Arroz in the 13th running of the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, Dec. 29. The net value of the purse was \$30,110, bringing Big Noise's first year's earnings to \$79,935. The James' home-bred is by Khaled—Guard Ship, by Trace Call.



BIG NOISE, Jockey Ralph Neves up, in the winner's circle, with Director of Racing Carleton F. Burke (glasses) presenting trophy to Mr. and Mrs. Harry James.



GREENTREE STABLE'S *NORTHERN STAR, Jockey Ted Atkinson up, with Trainer George T. Poole receiving trophy from George O'Brien, secretary-treasurer of Santa Anita.



*NORTHERN STAR (No. 2) defeating A. Hirschberg's Admiral Drake by 1 1/4 lengths in the Palos Verdes 'Cap, on Dec. 29. Despite a sloppy track, the racing was of the highest caliber and before the current meeting is over coast turf enthusiasts will see some great racing classics.

BREEDING



AND

Racing

A SECTION
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE TURF



Thoroughbreds

Six Crosses of Bend Or Aren't As Valuable As A Touch of Speed

Joe H. Palmer

This is not an attempt to step forward and take a bow so much as to forestall argument. Two weeks ago a look was taken at what were regarded as the ten best 2-year-olds of 1951, with attention to the female side of their pedigrees. Seven colts were listed and three fillies. Now John B. Campbell's Experimental Free Handicap has been released, and it turns out that the seven listed represent seven of the top eight in the Campbell handicap, all in a range from 126 pounds (Tom Fool) to Jet's Date (120).

One of the fillies in the group was Rose Jet, which is highest of her sex in the Experimental Handicap. The other two were Star-Enfin, which Mr. Campbell has in a tie for second place with Papoose at 114 pounds and Princess Lygia, which at 113 pounds is in a tie for fourth place with A Gleam. The point is that any time you're this close to Mr. Campbell, you're also fairly close to right.

The colt omitted here was Armageddon, which is weighed at 122 pounds in the handicap, placing him in a tie for fifth place with Hill

Gail. He is a home-bred owned by Harry Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable, and foaled at Clairborne Farm on April 23, 1949. I'm not sure this means much, but he was born on the same day that Olympia was sucking everybody in by winning the Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica.

If you read your Bible as you should, you know he is named for the last great battle of the world, when Gog and Magog, among others, assail the city of the saints, and good and evil are finished with each other, once and for all. The advance line favors the saints, but of course you never know how a battle will go, any more than the Kentucky Derby.

He followed the example of his sire, Alsab, by winning the Champagne Stakes, his final race of the season. He ran only five times, winning three races, getting one second, and finishing fifth behind Primate and others in the Youthful Stakes. In the first race he won, a maiden affair, he beat Hannibal, which is ranked eighth on the Experimental list. His second victory was not over much, but in

the Champagne he beat Put Out, Eternal Moon, and Jet's Date, all ranked well up on the list. He had early speed but dropped back to seventh, and then came on through the stretch to win by a length and a half. Whether this plan of campaign was Armageddon's or Willie Shoemaker's is a matter of opinion, but it's the way Shoemaker likes to ride.

As to his pedigree, you know about Alsab. It was about time he got another good horse, because you can't coast forever on Myrtle Charm. The dam is Fighting Lady, by *Sir Gallahad III. She won three races at three, the last one an allowance race at a mile and a sixteenth in fair company. She had to race a good many times for her victories, so she was no top mare, but better than average in performance. She had one other foal, Ardoch, by *The Sultan, and this one has won in the two seasons he has raced, though in his last victory he could have been taken for \$3,500.

So if Fighting Lady is added to the list of dams of the best 2-year-olds, she will not lower it, being a fair performer with a produce record too short to permit any complete judgement.

As for Papoose, she is also a home-bred, from Hal Price Headley's Beaumont Farm, and she won two of nine starts. Her only stakes victory was over Star-Enfin in the Polly-Drummond Stakes, but she was a good second, beaten three-fourths of a length, to Rose Jet in the Demoiselle, and she was giving

the winner three pounds. She is by Menow, which thus has the most highly rated colt on the handicap, and the second ranking filly.

Her dam is Pirogue, by *St. Germans, and her pedigree is consequently reminiscent of that of Capot which also was by Menow from a *St. Germans mare. Pirogue won three races as a 2-year-old, and the best of her previous produce is Yawl, which won a stakes in Canada and placed in three others. She has had five other winners, three of them by Menow, including Paddle, which placed in stakes, and of her three foals which failed to win, two were never raced.

A Gleam—well, maybe Mr. Campbell's right about her; at least I've never got much arguing with him. There's no use discussing her pedigree, because she's by *Blenheim II—Twilight Tear, and no one who does not know the worth of these will not have read this far. She won three of her six starts, the most important being the Princess Pat Stakes, in which she rocked Chicago by beating Princess Lygia, then considered almost unbeatable, by six lengths.

In New York she won a preparation for the Matron Stakes very convincingly, so much so that she was the starting favorite, but she got an early lead and then lost it, finishing in a dead heat for third with Landmark, beaten nearly three lengths by Rose Jet, with Knot Hole second. She had no excuse that I could see. Twilight Tear, it may

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Sons of HYPERION and FAIR COPY AT STUD IN PENNSYLVANIA

*ORBIT

STAKES WINNER BY HYPERION

HALF BROTHER TO 3 STAKES WINNERS

*ORBIT offers American breeders a powerful pedigree. He is a son of Hyperion and out of the winning Buchan mare Olifa, dam of seven winners including the good class stakes winners: Oranmore, Olidon, Odell and *Orbit, winner of the Chesterton Stakes at 2' defeating Alycidon. Olifa, by the very successful broodmare sire Buchan, won the Brighton Handicap and was half sister to *Orestes, unbeaten 2-year-old champion and successful sire. The third dam produced six stakes winners, nine winners of £13,512 including the sires Shian Mor and Hakem. *Orbit, a 6-year-old stands 16.1½ hands. His first crop are now foals (1951) abroad.

*ORBIT, br., 1945	Hyperion	Gainsborough	Bayardo
		Selene	Rosedrop
			Chaucer
			Serenissima
Olifa	Buchan	Sunstar	Hamoaze
	Orison	Frizar Marcus	Orliss

FEE \$300 LIVE FOAL

(\$200 to members of Pennsylvania Horse Breeders Association)

*FAIR KOP II

PROMINENT ENGLISH STEEPLECHASER

HALF BROTHER TO FRENCH 'CHASER SANTIAGO

*FAIR KOP II covered eight mares in 1951, his first year at stud, and all eight are reported in foal. *Fair Kop II raced with distinction in England over hurdles and brush. He won the Evesham 3-year-old Hurdle at Cheltenham, Evington Hurdle, Landon Memorial Handicap Hurdle, Middleton Novices' Steeplechase, etc. He is a son of Lord Derby's successful Fair Copy, the sire of such horses as the brilliant Sayani, Pactole, Carrousel, Fair Chance, etc. *Fair Kop II is half brother to the good French 'chaser Santiago, winner of 1,206,225 francs and is from the same immediate family as Chaucer, Swynford, and the famous Canterbury Pilgrim. *Fair Kop II, an 8-year-old, stands 16.2 hands.

*FAIR KOP II, Br., 1943	Fair Copy	Fairway	Phalaris
		Composure	Scape Flow
		Spion Kop	Buchan
		Widow Bird	Serenissima
Blweh			Spearmint
			Hammerkop
			White Eagle
			Entebbe

FEE \$150 RETURN

(\$100 to members of Pennsylvania Horse Breeders Association)

STANDING AT

DAVID DALLAS ODELL'S

MAPLETON STUD

Malvern RD No. 2

Phone Malvern 1966

Pennsylvania

Pictures -- Pedigrees And Performances



STAR PILOT, b., 1943

*Sickle—Floradora, by *Bull Dog

Fee: \$1,000—Guaranteed Live Foal

NOW BOOKING 1952

Star Pilot

Star Pilot.....
b. 1943

*Sickle.....

Phalaris
Selene

Floradora.....

*Bull Dog
Gentle Play

From his first crop came Star-Enfin, one of 1951's best 2-year-olds from two fillies and winner of the Astoria and Colleen Stakes, 2nd in the Pol Drummond and Schuylerville Stakes. Star Pilot, himself, was the great money winner of the 1945 2-year-olds. He won the Hopeful Belmont Futurity, and Pimlico Futurity, etc. He retired to the stud with earnings of \$187,885.



JET FLIGHT, ch., 1947

*Blenheim II—Black Wave, by *Sir Gallahad III

Fee: \$500—Guaranteed Live Foal

NOW BOOKING 1952

Jet Flight

Jet Flight.....
ch. 1947

*Blenheim II.....

Blandford
Malva

Black Wave.....

*Sir Gallahad III
Black Curl

This young sire was retired to the stud in 1951. He is a full brother to the sensational young sire Jet Pilot, sire of the year's leading year-old 2-year-old filly Rose Jet from his first crop, and also of the National Stallion Stakes winner Jet Master. Jet Flight, like his older Kentucky 2-year-old Derby winning brother, was sold for a top price at the yearling sale the E (\$41,000). Though an injury kept him from racing he did show the of the speed in training. This speed plus his pedigree earned Jet Flight well won chance at stud.



ROYAL BLOOD, ch., 1945

Coldstream—Spotted Beauty, by Man o'War

Fee: \$500—Guaranteed Live Foal

NOW BOOKING 1952

Royal Blood

Royal Blood.....
ch. 1945

Coldstream.....

*Bull Dog
Nimble Host

Spotted Beauty.....

Man o'War
Silver Beauty

Royal Blood was fast. He won over \$100,000 in winning stakes 2, 3, 4, and 5. He is being retired to the stud for the first time in his na 1952. Royal Blood was sold for \$50,000 as a yearling because of his conformation and his breeding—now he has a \$100,000 performance to back him up as a sire. He is a son of Coldstream, by *Bull Dog and is out of the Man o'War mare Spotted Beauty, a top stakes producer family.

CALL, WRITE, WIRE OR PHONE:

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Of The Maine Chance Farm Stallions

War Jeep

War Jeep..... ch. 1942	War Admiral.....	Man o'War Brushup
	Alyearn.....	Blue Larkspur Yearning



WAR JEEP, ch., 1942

War Admiral—Alyearn, by Blue Larkspur

Fee: \$2,000—Guaranteed Live Foal

BOOK FULL

Lord Boswell

Lord Boswell..... b. 1943	*Boswell.....	Bosworth Flying Gal
	Fantine.....	Whichone Jeanne Bowdre



LORD BOSWELL, b., 1943

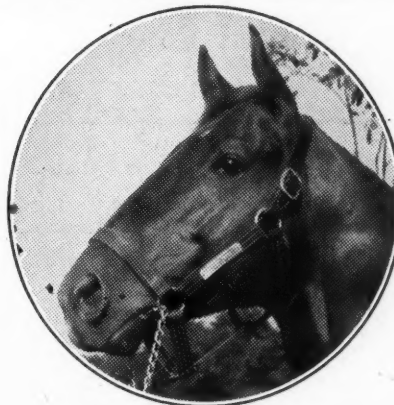
*Boswell—Fantine, by Whichone

Fee: \$500—Guaranteed Live Foal

NOW BOOKING 1952

Mr. Busher

Mr. Busher..... ch. 1946	War Admiral.....	Man o'War Brushup
	Baby League.....	Bubbling Over *La Troienne



MR. BUSER, ch., 1946

War Admiral—Baby League, by Bubbling Over

Fee: \$2,500—Guaranteed Live Foal

BOOK FULL

HENDTHRIFT FARM

Telephone 4-4801

Lexington, Kentucky

KNOCKDOWN

(Owned by Maine Chance Farm)



KNOCKDOWN
br. h., 1943

Discovery	Display	Fair Play *Cicuta
	Ariadne	*Light Brigade Adrienne
Bride Elect	High Time	Ultimus Noonday
	*High Born Lady	The White Knight *Lady Echline

At The Track KNOCKDOWN

Displayed blazing speed and was an early 2-yr.-old winner.

He won a total of
\$165,545
and 8 good races.

At The Track KNOCKDOWN

Won the Santa Anita Derby, the Cowdin Stakes and two good handicaps defeating such horses as Assault, Honeymoon, Donor, Revoked, Stymie, and Royal Governor.

1952 Fee: \$300 Live Foal.

Payable October 1 of Year Bred, In Lieu of Veterinary Certificate If Mare Is Barren.

Standing at

NORTH CLIFF FARM

MR. AND MRS. MELVILLE CHURCH II

Rixeyville Phone: Culpeper—Grayson 2817 Virginia

Sons of Hyperion

No Less Than 15 Sons of Great English Sire
Standing At Various Farms Here

Arnold Shrimpton

The thought here, is that just once in a while this column should make an intelligent effort to be serious. This laudable resolve has nothing to do with the season of the year, and no guarantee can be given that it is going to last. However, it has been brought about by the chance discovery that North America now has no less than 15 sons of the great English sire, Hyperion, standing at various stud farms all over the continent. California has 4; Kentucky has 7 (an eighth died only last month); while Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Canada have one apiece.

Of these 15 studs, 2 are of the very highest caliber, 5 are potentially top stallions whose progeny are already winning (not necessarily in America) while the remaining 8 have yet to prove that they have anything other than their sire's illustrious name to recommend them.

If we look back in review, we must admit that we still know pathetically little about the successful breeding of Thoroughbreds. We have only a few, thin, worn maxims such as "breed the best to the best and hope for the best"; "no foot, no horse"; "speed, speed and more speed" to guide us. These undoubted truisms have become somewhat threadbare by constant repetition, nevertheless, they have been the basis of what little reliable knowledge we have had. Within the past two decades however a whole bright new vista of understanding is, with the aid of the modern science, slowly within our ken. For instance, we know that the successful commercial breeder must have a sound knowledge of both genetics and dietetics.

The Mendelian Laws have now successfully withstood eighty years of time test. By them we know that the characteristics of inheritance are determined by invisible genes that nature places, like the beads of a necklace, upon the chromosomes, which, in turn, form part of the nucleus of the foal to be. Without befogging you with veterinarian jargon, these genes make up every factor of character in the unborn foal. Thus, there are genes for color, of coat and eyes, speed, temperament, stamina, shape of hock and length of pastern. There are undesirable genes that cause breaking of blood vessels, wobbling and roaring, while there are yet others that are responsible for two factors. Thus the embryo is entirely the product of the genes it has received from both its sire and dam at the moment of conception. There are a huge, and yet completely undetermined, number of various combinations that the genes can form. Sometimes those of the sire are predominant, while at other times, nature swings the balance to the dam. Whatever pattern the merging genes form, decides whether the paternal or maternal influence will be uppermost in the offspring. From this we are easily able to see why it is that full brothers and sisters are so often completely different individuals—the genes did not form the same patterns.

This elementary knowledge brings up, in its turn, the highly debatable questions of inbreeding, line breeding or out-cross breeding. The first is merely a matter of taking a horse which is known to reproduce certain desirable characteristics and mating it to a very near relation, such as brother to sister, or father to daughter, in the hope that the resultant gene pattern will be a concentration of wanted ones. The danger in this is that it is also liable to bring to light heretofore hidden and unwanted genes that have lain dormant in that particular blood line. The second method, that of line breeding, which is now considered the most reliable by breeders throughout the world, consists of the mating of distant relatives rather than very near ones. Thus, you hope to retain the good combinations of genes, without introducing new and uncertain patterns. In effect, line breeding is very akin

to in-breeding but it involves less risk. The third and final alternative is that of out-cross breeding. This is simplicity itself. By it, you take a mare that has every trait that you wish to reproduce and mate it to a stallion that is completely unrelated "even unto the fourth and fifth generation". The consequent change of blood results in an unknown rearrangement of the gene patterns. Its obvious disadvantage is that anything can happen since the combinations cannot be predicted or anticipated as in line or inbreeding.

Now, Hyperion is a perfect example of the success that line breeding can achieve. He is line-bred to St. Simon on his top line in the fourth remove, and to St. Simon on his bottom line in the third remove. That this strain is the very nub of his success again becomes apparent when you turn to the pedigrees of his two most successful sons in America, *Alibhai and *Heliopolis. *Alibhai has a cross of St. Simon in his tail-male line, while *Heliopolis has two such crosses. Here is the result of line breeding at its best. The particular greatness of St. Simon as a race horse lay in his versatility. He was equally invincible over 5 furlongs as he was over 2 1-2 miles. His vast powers of acceleration were phenomenal. He stood out as a giant among the minnows, over the race horses of his day, yet, according to all contemporary accounts, St. Simon was the very devil of a horse to handle. During his entire life, both in training and in the breeding shed, he was always irritable and easily excited and provoked. Even standing in his stall, he is described as being "a horse of boundless energy". That this was so, is yet again confirmed by the manner of his death in 1903. He simply dropped dead one morning after coming in from exercise. He was 27 years old at the time and still at stud!

St. Simon sired no less than ten classic winners. They were St. Frusquin (Hyperion's great-grand-sire); Diamond Jubilee, La Fleche, Mrs. Butterwick, Persimmon, Memoir, Winifreda, Semolina, and Amiable. He was also the sire of the great broodmare sire, Chaucer, which in turn, was responsible for Selene, the actual dam of Hyperion. It is no exaggeration to say that what his tail-male ancestor, Eclipse, is to the first era of horse breeding, so St. Simon is to the second. His blood and the influence of it extends all over the world. Now to carry on the heritage of proven greatness we have Hyperion, with all his progeny, for the great old sire of England is now in his 22nd year. Through careful and selective line breeding, most of the Hyperions have inherited the St. Simon stamina and versatility, together with the "holy fire" without which no race horse, or sire is truly great, but the St. Simon temper has been successfully eliminated. Indeed, almost all Hyperions these days are noted for their easy manners and docility.

His 15 sons here in North America are *Alibhai, *Heliopolis, *Khalid, *Hypnotist II, *Half Crown, *Coastal Traffic, *High Bandit, *Highbury, *Orbit, *Radiotherapy, *Seven Seas, *Radiate II, *Area, *Reed Mace, and the time this sees print, *High Profit, which is even now on the way over. Pensive, *Hyperionion, and *This England, have, of course, all died within the past three years.

In theory, any one of these sires (providing Hyperion has bequeathed to it the right gene patterns of conformation, temperament and racing ability) if mated with a mare with plenty of St. Simon in her pedigree should produce a potential winner. It matters little how far back the St. Simon blood goes, for, I believe that it will always come out in due time, though may lay dormant for many generations. Many a great racing record proves this to be true.

Continued On Page 16

Winter Quarters



FROM HURDLES TO JOGGING SULKY. In November Fredsel, a bay gelding by Selalbeda—Fredascout, by The Scout, was the color-bearer for Owner-trainer Emmett Roberts over hurdles at Montpelier. On Christmas Day Trainer Roberts brought out a set of harness and a jogging sulky and a new phase was added to Fredsel's education. The experiment was a complete success and the former hurdle horse jogged down through Middleburg with complete disregard for holiday traffic. When he was driven out the Foxcroft road, S. H. Rogers Fred and Miss Nannie Fred were returning

from the hunting field and Mr. Fred's horse declined the invitation to go on by the cart. "Well," said Mr. Fred, "the only thing a horse gets afraid of on the highway anymore is another horse."

With the schooling of steeplechasers not scheduled to start until after March 1, Trainer Roberts is invading the hunting field and getting some prospects ready for the show ring. He and John Cotter, Jr., the latter the winning rider on *Palaja in the Foxcatcher National Cup last fall, had a couple of new ones out recently. Jockey Cotter was riding a 4-year-old gray gelding by *St. Elmo II—

Morvich Niece, by Sir Martin or Our General while Trainer Roberts was on a chestnut gelding by Neddle—Court Juel, by Court Day. Both of these horses came from the track but are being schooled for the show ring.

Two former open jumpers, Honey Glow and Tan Bar are in the stable. Honey Glow's name wasn't known when he was sent to Trainer Roberts at Belmont Park so he was called Question Mark. Came time to start him over hurdles and his name came to light. He only made one trip postward and showed a distinct dislike toward jumping between the flags. Tan Bar is a 5-year-old bay mare by

*Barberry II—Tingle Tangle and has Jockey Cotter in the irons when she goes cross country.

At the present time there are eight steeplechasers wintering at the stable. They include *Elyacin which won over hurdles and brush last year, his first season of racing in this country. Both *Elyacin and *Kraft were stakes horses in England and *Kraft won over hurdles there. Whatta Knight, the black stallion, has fully recovered from his injury at Delaware Park last year, but may not be sent postward until the middle of the summer.

(Darling Photo)



*PHILS STAR, hunting with Green Spring Valley Hunt. (Morgan Photo)



WAR BATTLE, hunting with Montpelier Hunt. (N. Y. Racing Assn. Photo)



ERIN RUSSELL, (r.) hunting with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Hounds. (Freudy Photo)

Pony Jaunt

British Isles Have Nine Separate and More Or Less Different Native Breeds

Joan Higginson

The happy hunting ground for pony-fans is certainly the British Isles. They have nine separate and more or less different native breeds, not to mention endless combinations of these with each other, and with Thoroughbreds, Hackneys, Arabs, or what have you.

To see a representative number of all divisions would take weeks of travel and a fearfully methodical brain, but if one confines oneself to one's major interests,—in my case, first Welsh ponies, second Dartmoor, Fell and riding ponies,—one can have a most entertaining and instructive trip.

The first thing to be done is to arrange with the Powers-That-Be about the weather. Good weather is not essential, but it allows an enormous saving in time, trouble and temper. My sister and I were very lucky, and had more than a week of uninterrupted, beautiful, sunny days, followed by a few that were nice when we were out, and poured only during the three long train journeys.

We met our Welsh friend and mentor, Miss Margaret Brodrick, at Badminton, at the close of the "Three Day Event" (the Olympic Equestrian Trials) and motored that evening to Aust Ferry, crossed the Bristol Channel, saw the handsome ruins of Chepstow Castle in the evening sunlight, and spent the night at "The Bear" in Cowbridge.

The next morning, we got off to a good start, and arrived to see our first pony about half an hour before schedule. This was most disconcerting to everyone involved, but in spite of it, we saw a nice brown stallion, which, unfortunately, from my point of view, had blue eyes. Blue-eyes are fairly common in some strains of Welsh ponies, and, though a few people feel strongly about them, one way or the other, most people apparently pay no attention. However, in America the usual reaction is definitely against, so there is no point in bringing one over. The owners of this pony lived in one of the many handsome old stone houses of Wales, set in a lovely park, with the green grass, the yellow daffodils, and the blossoming fruit trees, all responding to the warm sun. The stables, too, were charming to our eyes, (though our hostess appeared surprised as well as pleased at our admiration), built as they were of stone, with high walls making them more or less one with the house and gardens, and the plan rather complicated and rambling, as the cobbled yard and buildings climbed the hill from the house.

Our tactless extra half-hour dogged us at our next stop, too, but we managed to shed it during the lunch hour, and never were prompt again; in fact, at the end of three days, we were about three hours late, much to everyone's relief.

Next, we saw the ponies of the Whitehall Stud of R. J. Jones of Clydach. This is a small herd, of which the fillies especially I found attractive. With these ponies, as with all the following ones, on the advice of Miss Brodrick, I took notes, (also pictures) which were a great help in making up my mind in certain cases in the end. At Whitehall Stud, I made special note of a grey

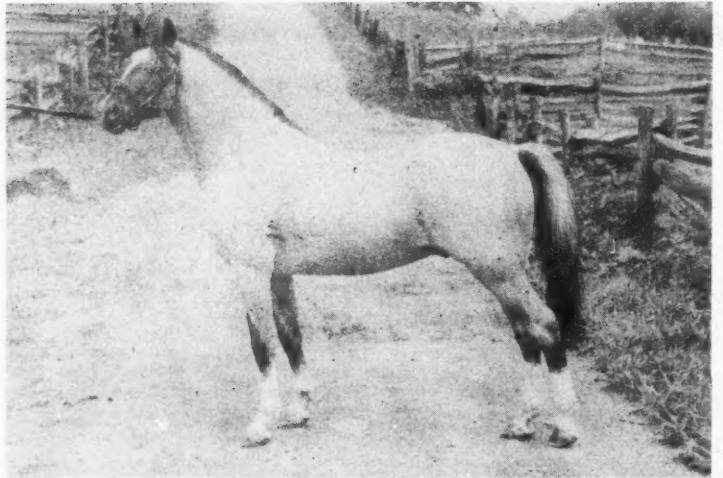
6-year-old stallion and a black brood mare.

After leaving the Joneses, father, sons and grandson, we ate a picnic lunch put up by "The Bear" at Cowbridge, and then proceeded on our way to Merthyr-Tydfil to the Bolgoed Stud of T. N. Lewis. Mr. Lewis has sent a number of his handsome, high stepping grey stallions to America, mostly to Chicago and points west, but he did not have anything for me at the moment. Then on to "The Three Cocks", a very old inn, giving its name to the surrounding village, and there we spent the night.

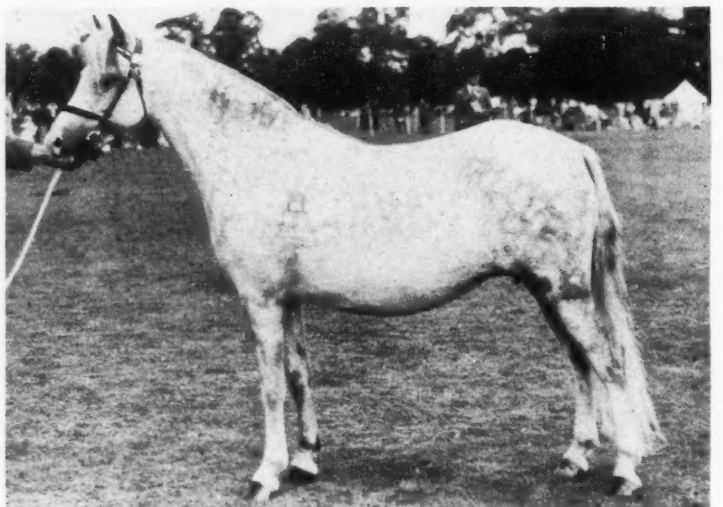
The next morning, Sunday, after church in the interesting old Brecon Cathedral, and lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Llewelyn Richards, we saw about thirty of Mr. Richards' many good ponies. Mr. Richards, his father and grandfathers before him have bred the well-known "Criban" ponies for generations, and have pedigrees running back more than a hundred and fifty years. At this point, I would like to emphasize that the name "Criban" in a Welsh pony pedigree really means something, and breeders in America who name their ponies "Criban" this and "Criban" that, are wrong to do so. The ponies of Llewelyn Richards and his brother, William, (also bay pedigree Criban ponies, though he has lately adopted the prefix "Cui" for his own herd) are raised in the traditional Welsh manner, on "the hill" (i. e., snow-covered mountains in winter) where, together with the thousands of little Welsh sheep, they find their own feed and, if the winter is a hard one, as it often is, the ponies look very badly indeed by spring. One result is that April is not too good a season to ask to look at them. I knew that, but could not help it, and so missed seeing many of the ponies I might have seen had I gone in late summer. The Richards brothers had very little to show me in the way of stallions, but they have a large number of high class mares, of which I was lucky enough to acquire three or four.

From the Richardses', in the valley of the Usk, we went over hill and dale, through lovely country to "The Revel" of Emrys Griffith. Mrs. Griffith gave us a fine tea with toast and scones and butter and preserves and several kinds of cake, including "Welsh cakes", delicious fried numbers with raisins and things in them. Stuffed, we all went out together to see the ponies: first a group of young stallions just "down from the hill", thin and shedding, but full of quality; then a very tempting group of yearling fillies, shy and pretty and good movers. A Welsh pony should have a fine long stride at the trot, and when not spoiled (from a riding point of view) by weighted shoes, his shoulders move very freely, and his toes swing well out in front. It is exasperating to me to watch a judge, as one so often must, who does not move the ponies out of a walk. Action is most important, and many a decision would be reversed if sufficient attention were paid to it.

The rest of the Revel herd being too far off to see at that time, we proceeded to Crickhowell, stopping on the way to see the fourteenth cen-



FARNLEY SIRIUS, the author's imported Welsh sire. He has bred many show winners and has been highly successful at stud in this country.



COED COCH SIARADUS, a fine type Welsh show pony. The granddam of this mare is the dam of Farnley Sirius while her C. C. Glyndur is also the sire of Farnley Sirius.

tury fortified farm at Tretower, now being repaired by the National Trust. Although it was after hours, the keeper very kindly let us in, and after we had explored around, told us something of the interesting history and plans for restoration. Then "The Bear" at Crickhowell fed us (Yellowstone Park in reverse) and, in the fading light, with a friend of Miss Brodrick's to guide us along the steep, narrow, half-hidden lanes of the Welsh hills, we visited the tiny ancient church of Sanpartrishow, saw its charming stone and wood carvings by candlelight, and dropped a wish in its wishing well.

After another comfortable night at "The Three Cocks", and a quick trip back to Brecon to see a couple of stallions which we had missed the day before, we struck north again, and arrived in due course at Presteigne, where Mrs. Cuff has a small but select herd. The Cuffs have only recently moved to their present farm, and are having considerable difficulty, like so many other livestock people in Britain, in finding pasture for their ponies. Agriculture is excessively regulated these days, and between the obligations to plough everything that can be ploughed, and to reforest the rest, there is scarcely room for a blade of grass.

We had to abandon the "Hillman Minx", and take to Mrs. Cuff's jeep to see her young stuff on "the hill"; and then back down again to see the three girls start off on their ponies to the Pony Club Rally. The Pony clubs of Great Britain are numerous and well attended, and appear to do a very comprehensive job of education in horsemastership. Mrs. Cuff was to lecture that afternoon on preparing for shows. In the meantime, she insisted we stay to lunch, and it was delicious. I must say we were most hospitably treated and generously fed throughout our trip, and, though we were often rather embarrassed to feel ourselves swallowing in about two gulps what we knew must be someone's whole meat ration for the week, there didn't seem to be anything to do but to enjoy it with private resolutions to send appropriate packages when we got home again.

Our next objective was Hope Bowdler, Church Stretton, in Shropshire, just over the Welsh border in England. The Bowdler stud, now divided among the three Preece brothers into the Bowdler, Gaerstone, and Gretton herds, has long been one of the well-known ones, and has bred many famous ponies. Among the more recent ones is Bowdler Blues—

Continued on Page 15



PONIES RESTING. Ponies range freely from one year to the next on the well grazed upland pastureland of the Welsh mountain land.



OLDER PONIES. Many Welsh ponies turn pure white as they grow older. The distinctive type has been bred for many generations on the moorland.

Pony Jaunt

Continued From Page 14

star, a champion in Wales, and also champion Welsh pony at the Harford County Show in Maryland last September. We took the silver bowl she won there to England with us, and presented it to her breeder, George Preece, and the expression of delight that spread over his face was a treat to see. We were shown old Bowdler Blueboy, which is the sire of Bluestar and other outstanding showponies, and also the son of Bowdler Brightlight, whose long successful life came to an end two years ago in America. Blueboy was running with a small group of beautiful mares, five white ponies and a brown one that stood and posed for us to perfection. Then we saw another, larger group of ponies. I was much struck by the evenness of Mr. Preece's ponies, and by their exceptionally good necks and shoulders and withers, together with their lovely free action. I picked out one I especially liked and asked Mr. Preece if he would like to put a price on her. He asked me if I wanted her for showing or breeding. I replied, "Breeding, chiefly, but probably showing too." So, then, he asked if I didn't want him to bring her in where I could see her better. "No," said I, "I got a pretty good look at her in the field, and I like her very much." "Oh, but," said he, "I can easily get her in, it wouldn't take long." "No, really," said I, "it is getting late; Miss Brodrick has said it is time to leave; she must get home tonight." Seeing me apparently so firm, he resigned himself and said, "Well, then, I'll have to tell you. The mare has a blemish on her front leg, where she was caught in wire." "Oh," said I, and went and looked at her again. I still couldn't see anything wrong, what with the long winter coat and all, and she moved like a dream, so I thanked him warmly and bought her anyway.

George Preece's brother, Bill, had some nice ponies, too, which we saw a very few of just next door, and then went on to Gretton, the farm of the third brother, Frank. It was getting late now, and my mind was beginning to be super-saturated with ponies, and I wandered along among the members of Frank Preece's very attractive group of young stock, rather idly watching the three or four that specially caught my eye, no longer mentally lining up every animal in sight, and heard Miss Brodrick and Mr. Preece making plans for judging the Premium Stallion Shows the following week.

In Great Britain, there are numbers of breeding establishments of a private and self-contained nature, such as we are accustomed to seeing in America, specially in the east, but the majority of ponies of the traditional native breeds are raised under range conditions, unfenced, branded, running free on the miles and miles of wild mountain and moorland commonlands. From Devonshire, through Somerset, Wales, Cumberland, the Scottish Highlands and right away up to the Shetland Isles, from the very south to the very north, there are repeated areas where the local variety of pony has been bred for untold generations, and has had a useful, sometimes indispensable, part in agriculture. Certain strains have at different times suffered from the influence of unsuitable stallions turned out on the commons by indifferent or unscrupulous breeders, but there are now breed societies interested in the preservation and improvement by selection of the old breeds. One of the things the Welsh Society does is to hold a series of shows in the different districts, to assemble and choose the best stallions to turn out. Premiums of value are offered, with the help of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, to a number of stallions in each district, in proportion to its size and pony population, and this encourages stallion owners to put a high class pony out for one or more seasons, to the great advantage of the small local breeders. This year, the judges were Miss Brodrick and Frank Preece.

All arrangements completed, and a quick cup of tea swallowed, we were on our way north again, this time to Oswestry to see something different. A Thoroughbred breeder at home had expressed an interest in acquiring a grey pony stallion, just under 14.2 hands, and with Thoroughbred conformation, and for a

bit it looked as though we might have found it. We were shown a good looking small horse, with splendid forehead and withers, good straight action, and a kind disposition, but, alas, he proved to be 3-4 of an inch too tall.

So on again, dark by now, munching sandwiches in the car, and home at last to Miss Brodrick's house just above Colwyn Bay on the North coast of Wales, at about ten-thirty.

Tuesday we spend a beautiful day doing some leisurely sight seeing: the old walled town of Conway; Caernarvon Castle; the steep and picturesque mountains of northwest Wales with Snowdon in their midst; then up, up, up a long steep very narrow road, to emerge on top of the world, and home across the high green moorlands, the sheep and lambs and an occasional distant white pony bright in the sunlight.

Wednesday and Thursday we saw Miss Brodrick's own "Coed Coch" ponies; first, two groups of those she was willing to sell; later, the show and breeding stock that was not for sale. This is a good system, as one can look at the offerings and concentrate on one's own preferences without being bothered by the disappointment of finding one has set one's heart on the owner's prize possession, which nothing (!) would induce him to part with. The sales groups contained a good number of attractive mares, showing a welcome variety of age and color. I like greys, but deplore the tendency to have nothing but, and hope the breed will always include greys, roans, chestnuts, bays, browns, blacks, creams and duns. The three broodmares I now chose from the Coed Coch band included a cream, my first, and I thought myself lucky to find such a good one available.

Coed Coch Stud has had a brilliant show record for a long while and the little private show we now watched gave us great pleasure. Two ponies, especially, a yearling filly, and a young broodmare with a frivolous black foal, were simply beautiful. I had a little trouble with the tenth commandment over those two.

The next morning we had to leave for an all-day train trip up into Cumberland. We hated to come to the end of one of the most perfect weeks I could remember ever having spent, but the drenching, sleety rain emphasized the fact that it really had ended. Hours later, the weather turned clear and cold as we got up into the mountains of Cumberland, and about seven o'clock, we arrived in Penrith, thirty miles or so from the Scottish border, in the midst of the famous Lake Country—the district of the fells and dales. Our hosts live in a fascinating old house built of the pinkish-brown native sandstone. The earliest part, now the back of the courtyard, is of the eleventh century. The sides were added later, and the front is classic Queen Anne. It has been very constantly lived in, and is full of lovely furniture and china, and often revisited, we were told, by its benign inhabitants of former centuries. We slept undisturbed, though, I am sorry to say.

Out next morning right after breakfast, we walked about twenty minutes along a splendid avenue of trees to the adjoining farm, to see the Fell ponies. Fell ponies are big, as ponies go, around 14 hands, and up to a lot of weight. They are not as pretty to the unaccustomed eye as the Welsh ponies, but they are sound, well-balanced, good movers, with an impressively fast, long-striding walk, and calm disposition. They vary somewhat in action, according to whether they come of a strain bred chiefly for farm work, or chiefly to ride, but the latter are good mounts, and I would like to see someone in this country start a stud. I think they would find a ready market among adults wanting a short-legged, quiet tempered, active farm hack. The "Dalemain" herd are a very even lot, mostly black, and made a handsome picture in the sunny, green landscape, ringed about by the snow-capped mountains. I decided to get one for a "sample", a well-broken 3-year-old mare, and hope she will be safe in foal before she sails.

We caught the London train Saturday afternoon, and watched it rain on and off during the six-hour trip, and gain the following afternoon on the way to Sussex, duly grateful for the expert timing.

In Sussex, at Hayward's Heath, I met Arthur McNaught, who keeps a small choice herd of Welsh ponies

of his own, and also that of Lady Wentworth, whose Crabtree Park Arabians are famous. Mr. McNaught, like so many of his fellow-countrymen, is having pasture troubles, and he told me an interesting story in that connection. When he first moved to Sussex from his native Scotland, he had a herd of Highland ponies, (a large variety, mostly grey or dun), which at the outbreak of World War II, numbered about ninety head. The authorities told him that his land must be put to better use and he would have to get rid of them. Some time passed and he had not made much progress getting rid of his ponies, so the authorities came around again and told him he would have to shoot them. He said he wouldn't, so they offered him half a crown apiece for them. Well, of course, he knew that meant shooting them, too, so he again said he wouldn't. The matter was taken to court, and Mr. McNaught lost the case and, therefore, his whole farm, being allowed to keep only his lovely old Elizabethan house and the garden. At this point, his luck began to turn, and he found that a Scottish regiment, which was always mounted entirely on Highland ponies, was in need of them, so in the end, he got a good price for his ponies, but he still has no farm.

Back on to the train, and a short journey to see our great friends, the Barrans. It was at the Barrans that I met my first Dartmoor ponies, fifteen years ago, and succumbed to their charm. I have seen them on Dartmoor since, and bought them off Dartmoor, but I have not seen any better ones than the Barrans', which are part of the herd of Miss E. R. Scrimgeour, a genius at pony-breeding, who applied her magic to the Dartmoor breed through seventy or eighty years of good times and bad.

Dartmoor ponies apparently have become almost entirely bay, brown, and black, now, though they used to be chestnut and grey as well. They are not as even in type as the Welsh and northern breeds, I think, because the breeders have not been able really to regulate the pony rights on Dartmoor itself. The majority are about the size of the Welsh Mountain pony, although they are allowed to be two inches taller, that is, 12.2 hands. They seldom have the rather dished face, so often admired in the Welsh pony, but they are well-made, (as evidenced by the fact that they have won big broodmare classes in this country), and are good tempered, and have the marvelous endurance and good sense characteristic of so many pony breeds. Unfortunately, so many were killed by bombs and slaughter during the war,

and so many are still being killed by automobiles at night on Dartmoor, that the breed is in some danger of vanishing unless a greater number of private breeders come to the rescue.

The Barrans' ponies are scattered about on a number of farms, so we were not able to see nearly all, but we spent a lovely day Tuesday, my last in England, walking about in the warm sun, with the gorse in yellow bloom on the hills, and the daffodils in yellow bloom in the meadows, and saw several old friends, such as the good stallion Turnover, sire of many winners, and some promising young stock, including a particularly nice yearling filly.

And so, all of a sudden, it is time to go home. The "Lizzie" is ready at the dock in Southampton, but I am not ready at all; I haven't seen nearly enough of friends or of ponies. Well, I'll just have to go back.

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Breeding Notes

Initial 2-Year-Old Race of '52 Won By Mighty Moment

Karl Koontz

The fourth race on the January 1 card at the Fair Grounds, Louisiana ushered in the 1952 2-year-old racing season. The Fair Grounds within the city of New Orleans, is one of the oldest tracks in existence today as it held its inaugural meeting back in 1873. It is surpassed in age only by Saratoga, which "set up horse-keeping" in 1864, and Pimlico, which did likewise in 1870. So it is only fitting that a division which causes the most speculation in the great game of racing, should begin at such a "landmark of the sport".

Looking back over the past 10 years' history of this initial 2-year-old race, under the title the Glenmora Purse, it's not too surprising to find that only a few which graced the winner's circle, made a name for themselves by winning a stakes race in their 2-year-old season. Some were fly-by-nights, others won, while still others raced well in top competition, but only two emerged at the end of their 2-year-old span as stakes winners—Air Rate and Juliets Nurse.

Air Rate, by Deliberator—Air Pocket, by Ariel won \$79,600 and

5 stakes out of 7 wins from 7 starts in 1945. Juliets Nurse, by Count Fleet—Nursemaid, by Luke McLuke, won five straight races, three of which were stakes, then in the bargain set a track record, and won \$25,705 while racing in 1950.

Here for your inspection is the list of winners of the Glenmora:

Hoop Gano, by Hoop Jr.,—1951
Juliets Nurse, by Count Fleet—1950

Here's Hube, by Four Freedoms—1949

Summond, by *Pharamond II—1948

Grand Entry, by Grand Slam—1947

Swing Prince, by Port au Prince—1946

Air Rate, by Deliberator—1945

Misty Fox, by Misstep—1944

Ravenala, by Coldstream—1943

Chipamink, by Peanuts—1942

The winner of this year's first 2-year-old race was the chestnut colt Mighty Moment, owned and trained by Milton Resseguet. This youngster passed under the auctioneer's hammer at Keeneland, and changed hands for the nominal sum of \$2,700 for his "marketer" Duntreath Farm.

Mighty Story is the sire of this first 2-year-old winner and this colt is also his first winner out of his first crop to the races. Mighty Story by *Mahmoud—Little Lie, by *Sickle, was a very determined horse himself as a 2-year-old. Although he didn't win any stakes at 2, he made the big named youngsters of his year run hard to earn their brackets.

The grey Mighty Story in his third race (preceded by 2 victories), sped 5 furlongs in .58 3-5 at Washington

Park setting a new track record at the direct expense of Lord Boswell, which was 3 lengths to the rear. Since Mighty Story was owned by John Marsch, it looked as if there was another member about ready for the "Marsch Futurity" clan, a group made up of Occupy, Occupation, Zezeheh, and Free for All. But, although Mighty Story was coming at them at the end of his races, he could not handle the "big boys". But then you must remember that his was the year of Spy Song which never lacked for speed, Knockdown, Safe Reward, Athene, Beaugay, Star Pilot, Colony Boy and others equally as good.

Mighty Story did win stakes later in his racing career. He won the Discovery 'cap (with Assault in the field), the Francis S. Peabody Memorial (over With Pleasure), and the Meadowland 'cap, and placed in many other events. He handled distance from 3-4 mile to 1 1-4 miles.

Mighty Moment is scoring his first victory, in a field of 12 juveniles, displayed speed to a remarkable degree by reaching the wire in .22 2-5 seconds, which is just 2-5 of a second off the Fair Grounds record. He is out of the unraced, but fine broodmare Starless Moment, by *North Star III. She is best noted as the dam of Tiger, by *Bull Dog, which won the Arlington Futurity, Washington Park Futurity, and the Arkansas Derby.

Tiger was also second to Menow in the Futurity, when that horse went the 6 1-2 furlongs distance in the new world record time of 1:15 1-5. As a sire the fame of Tiger is such, that no repetition is necessary.

Starless Moment is also the dam of Tankie, by Greenock, which knocked out races at 2, 3, and 4, and as a producer is the dam of Rick's Raft, by Peace Chance, Rick's Raft won the Walden Stakes from a field of such as Alexis, The Doge, War Jeep, Sir Francis Plebiscite and others.

Among the numerous other winners and producers the Idle Hour bred mare produced were Live Wire, by High Time, which got the Miss America Stakes winner, Miss Sal K., by Hairan.

The second dam, Breathless Moment, by Black Toney, is a half-sister to Valkyr, which on the race course was quite able, and when put to stud, has produced some top ones. Horses like Vagrancy (dam of Black Tarquin), Vicaress, Vicar, and Hypnotic are out of this fine mare. Valkyr in her female line goes back to the great producer Frizette, which is ancestress of *Friseur (dam of Black Curl, the dam of Black Wave, dam of Jet Pilot); Myrtlewood (dam of Miss Dogwood the dam of Bernwood, Buranza, Crepe Myrtle, dam of Myrtle Charm); Banshee, dam of Durban, the dam of Tourbillon. Well that last was a choker, but the distaff side of Mighty Moment's pedigree is solid, to say the least. So on the basis of the speed that he has shown, and his family background, I believe that Mighty Moment will be right there when those stakes winning brackets are passed out.

Sons of Hyperion

Continued From Page 12

The great English stayer, Alycidon is a case in point, and his great heart and courage can be directly attributable to a line of blood that lay latent and hidden for year after year, mating until at last the right nick was obtained. It is because of famous cases such as this, that I attach very little credence to the popular notion that the influence of ancestors does not extend beyond the fourth remove of the pedigree.

However, in spite of all our knowledge of genetics, we are groping in the dark. There is still no hard

and fast system for the mating of the Thoroughbred horse. Perhaps it's lucky for us there isn't. If it were so, we should only breed winners and every race would develop into a walk-over! Thank goodness there is still that unknown quantity X which equals the vagaries of Mother Nature. We have never yet found the equation. I most sincerely trust that we never do. But, we can, and should, use what sound knowledge there is at hand. To disregard the assistance that the study of genetics offers, is to merely put the blinkers of prejudice upon generations of horses yet unborn.

And to those of you who are mentally inquiring what has occasioned this breeding brain-storm of mine, let me close by informing you that I have just played a small part in importing to America the sire, *High Profit, by Hyperion—Pennycomequick, she by Hurry On. I own the last three hairs in his tail on the right-hand side.

Anyone got a St. Simon mare?

CAMDEN SHIPMENT

W. Burling Cocks of the Hermitage Farm, Unionville, Chester County, Pa., has already sent 12 horses and a pony to Camden, S. C. These will be followed by 8 more horses later this month. Mr. Cocks, who trained the winners of 32 races in 1951—21 at the hunt meets—will have a larger string of flat horses this year than last. He will also have the timber horses Pine Pep, *McGinty Moore, *Done Sleeping and Furthermore in training.

Two of the horses is his initial Camden consignment are sired by his own versatile race horse and promising young sire, Peterski. Both are out of the mare Catore, by Catalan. One is a 3-year-old filly, the other a 2-year-old gelding. Competent observers have noted that they seem to "take to jumping".

Melvin Ferral and Buster Sweeney are in charge of the stable now in Camden and they were joined on January 8 by the well-known 'chasing rider, Michael Smithwick. Mike has chalked up two Maryland Hunt Cup victories on Pine Pep and will make his second attempt this spring to ride the chestnut gelding to his third winning effort in the timber classic.

In the Cocks' stable is the brush horse, *Basalt which was recently acquired from the Estate of J. Brooks Parker. *Wunderprinz, another German-bred which was owned by the late Mr. Parker, was sold to M. H. Dixon, Jr. —Jim Henderson

PASTURE MANAGEMENT FORUM

Association will sponsor a meeting and an open forum on the subject of grass land farming and pasture management Thursday, January 17, 1952. The affair will be held in the Calvert Ballroom of the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, and will commence at 2:00 P. M. The speaker on this occasion will be Dr. Carl B. Bender, currently Director of Research in Pasture Management of the Sperry Corporation. Dr. Bender, born and educated in Pennsylvania, is thoroughly familiar with Maryland agriculture and the problems of its pasture operation. He himself farmed in Pennsylvania and for the past thirty years has been associated with Rutgers University in New Jersey. Twenty-five of these years were spent in research and teaching as a member of the college's Dairy Department. Dr. Bender's research has principally been in the field of nutrition and specifically pointed towards grass land crops. Farmers and stock breeders, or any others interested, are invited to attend the meeting which will be open to the public.

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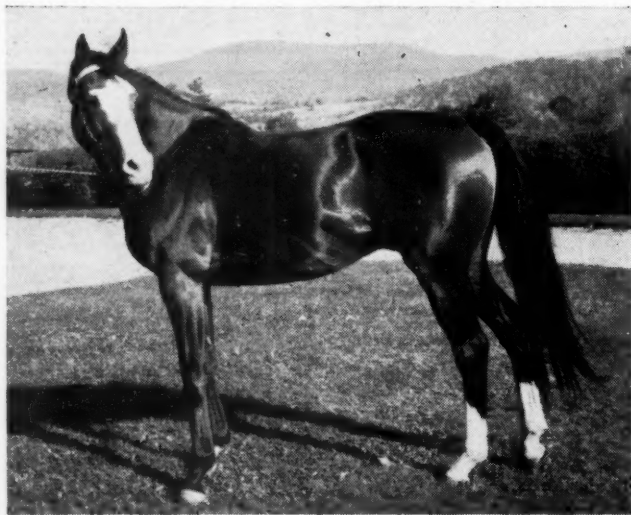
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Stallion of Horse Heaven Hills

Stallion Whose Courage Won Him Freedom Still Roams Yakima Valley With Wild Band

Philip K. Crowe

High on the sky meadows of the Horse Heaven Hills of south central Washington roam one of the last bands of wild horses in the Northwest. The sun-drenched ranges lie mainly in the Yakima Indian Reservation where a paternal government prohibits white hunters and the Indians themselves break only an occasional mustang. Like all wild bands, subject to unrestricted breeding, the quality of the horses has deteriorated but occasionally an outstanding stallion is produced and this is the true story of such a one.

Late in the fall of 1950 a Chief of the Yakimas was hunting Elk along the border of the Horse Heavens where they fall to the plain of the Yakima Valley. It was evening and the wind had died when he rounded a hill and saw, silhouetted against the sunset, a big buck-skin with black legs and a white blaze on his forehead. The stallion threw up his head and galloped off into the hills, but the Chief had seen him and laid his plans carefully. The following day he returned with his sons and after a week's hard tracking, cornered the stallion in a dry run and roped him.

On closer inspection the stallion proved to have many of the general defects of wild horses. His hooves were overshot and cut to pieces by the hard mountain trails; his head followed the Roman contour of the Indian cayuse; and along one flank ran a long scar where either a bullet had grazed him or a mountain lion had missed his spring. His legs, however, were straight and fine and his shoulders held great power. The hind quarters were wiry and too close to the forelegs, giving him a slightly foreshortened appearance but the composite effect was sound and far above the general run of wild horses.

Most important of all was his spirit—the indefinable something that separates the fine animal from the herd. He might have posed for one of Remington's studies and was in fact of the same background as those ridden by the Apache braves of a century ago.

The Chief was pleased and immediately set his sons to break the horse. Indian methods, like those of most ranch hands, are far from gentle and everything in the book was tried without avail. Through sheer exhaustion and hunger the stallion at last allowed a saddle on his back, but the minute the Indian boy mounted, the stallion threw him and threw him hard. For several weeks they tried to break his spirit and probably would have succeeded if interest in the horse had not been generated down in the Yakima Valley.

News of the capture spread rapidly and the local newspapers sent reporters and photographers. Many of the ranchers also came to see the stallion and proffered advice on his breaking. This process, however, was never completed for among the visitors to the Reservation was a citizen of Yakima who loved horses and had read with sorrow of the capture of the stallion. He decided to buy it and turn it free on the condition that the Indians promised to leave it alone. The Chief was reluctant but could not afford to turn down the price offered and the horse was duly purchased and loosed on the range.

In the ensuing year the stallion was reported shot for horse meat, captured by cowboys from Oregon and still at large. The Reservation, however, covers many hundreds of square miles and holds more than one wild stallion so that the accuracy of all reports on a particular horse were highly suspect.

Last summer I talked with the man who released the stallion, was shown a picture of it and, becoming intrigued with the story, decided to drive on down the Valley and learn what I could of the subsequent history of the horse and something of the wild herd of the Reservation.

The road from Yakima runs straight as an Indian arrow down the middle of one of the greenest valleys in the Northwest. Originally the land was sage and desert but now, laced with irrigation canals, it produces fabulous crops of fruit and vegetables. On one side rise the dim grey line of the Rattle Snake Mountains and on the other the slightly lower rim of the Horse Heavens. Although rainfall is less than seven inches a year and the sun beats down from a cloudless blue sky, the altitude is over a thousand feet and the air is brisk and clear. So clear, in fact, that the snow-capped peaks of Mounts Rainier and Adams, over a hundred miles away in the Cascades, stand out like giant clouds on the horizon.

At the eastern end of the Valley near the town of Sawyer, one leaves the hard road and climbs into the reservation on the road to old Fort Simcoe. Most of the Indians are wheat farmers and from the state of their holdings seemed prosperous. An old brave kindly volunteered the fact that he had seen the stallion when the Chief captured it and seen it again after its release but had no recent information. He added that there was no sure way of seeing the herd without spending far more time than I could afford but if we would drive up on a certain plateau we might be lucky enough to glimpse it when the horses came to water.

It was late afternoon when we reached the plateau and long shadows were already darkening the canyons and turning the sage deep purple, far down in the Valley cattle wound their way to the River and high above us a solitary buzzard wheeled in the sunset, but the land around us was as empty and silent as a painted desert. Leaving the car, we walked about half a mile to a shallow depression where a spring bubbled and formed a small pool. The ground was churned by the hooves of cattle and horses and it was here that we hoped to get a view of the herd. Settling ourselves behind a clump of sage, we waited. The sun sank behind the Rattle Snake Mountains and when the long twilight had almost passed into darkness, a mare and a colt came to drink at the pool. Two painted stallions and another three mares followed. We were down wind of them and they never caught our scent. All of these horses were either buck skin or white and brown paints. They were small and wiry but looked well fed. Then, just as it became almost too dark to see, a much bigger horse drifted toward the pool. The light was too dim to see his color but we instinctively knew he was the great stallion. We jumped up and clapped our hands and the herd thundered off into the hills.

Yakima Indians say that horses first came to them about 1750 from the Sho-sho-ne or Snake Tribe who inhabited the country now known as Southwestern Idaho. They also traded during this period with the Nez Perces Indians of Southern Idaho and undoubtedly bartered horses from these famous warriors as well. Horses immediately became beasts of great value to the Yakimas and replaced wampum as units of trade. They preferred snow white or spotted ponies and painted them bright colors for the war path. The horses were small, seldom weighing over a thousand pounds, but they had great endurance and averaged fifty miles a day for long periods.

These horses were descendants of the Spanish stock, first imported to Mexico by Cortez in 1519 and subsequently introduced into New Mexico and Arizona by Coronado's great expedition of 1540-42. In his battles with the Apaches, the Spanish general lost some horses and was undoubtedly responsible for inadvertently mounting his enemies. Once mounted, the Plain Indians became inveterate horse thieves and frequently raided the Spanish settlements. By 1594 it was reported that

the two Apaches had stolen one hundred thousand horses in the vicinity of Terrenato and Batipito alone. The Indian revolt of 1680 in New Mexico was highly successful and drove out the Spanish (on foot). Thirteen years later when Diego de Vargas reconquered the territory he met a fierce resistance from mobile bands of Apaches, Comanches, Utahs and Navajos.

By 1770, horses were introduced into California and by the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, there were 25,000 horses in the Viceregal Domain. Such an incentive was not lost on the Indians, and, ignoring the weak Spanish Garrisons, they swept up great numbers of half broken and wild horses. Among the raiders were the Snakes and the Walla Wallas who subsequently introduced the horses into the northwest.

A. J. Splawn, in his excellent history, "Ka-Mi-Akin, last Hero of the Yakimas" tells the story of Chief Pe-peu-mox-mox of the Walla Wallas, who journeyed to California in 1844 to trade furs for horses. At Sutters Fort the Chief's son Elijah Hedding, who has been educated at the Willamette Mission, was shot by a white man because the latter claimed the Indians had stolen one of his mules. The Chief gathered his warriors and departed for the northwest where he preached a war of extermination and soon persuaded the Nez Perces and the Cay-uses to join him. Luckily Dr. John McLaughlin, the Hudson Bay factor at Fort Vancouver, heard of the preparations and refused to sell the Indians ammunition. Subsequent peace talks buried the hatchet and gave the Indians more horses in exchange for peace.

At the turn of the Century, the hills and plains of the Yakima Country were covered with horses, and many escaped to form the wild bands in the hills. Frequent round-ups depleted their numbers however, and it is estimated by the Indians that not more than a few hundred still roam the Reservation.

It is good to know that among them gallops the stallion whose courage won him freedom, and whose progeny may yet repopulate the wild bands of the Horse Heaven Hills.

Seafdash At Tropical

Among the 4-year-olds at Tropical Park is Alvin Untermeyer's Seafdash, a bay gelding by Halcyon—Gallastart, by *Sir Gallahad III. Trained by the well-known 'chasing trainer, W. B. Cocks, Seafdash had his first outing as a 3-year-old on the flat at Pimlico. Trainer Cocks tightened the girth on the bay gelding and he made his initial outing a winning one as he was the best in a field of 10 and equalled the track record of 1.06 2-5 for the 5 1-2 furlong trip. Trainer Cocks sent him back into the winner's circle to make it 2 straight at Pimlico in an allowance event. When Saratoga time rolled around, Seafdash joined the hurdle ranks but in both outings, he showed a distinct dislike after displaying speed in the early stages. He was back in the winner's circle at Belmont and Jamaica when Trainer H. Dufford saddled him for 2 consecutive victories. Through December 31, Seafdash finished 2nd at Tropical Park and for the third time, chalked up 2 more straight victories.

Two horses which formerly carried the colors of Mrs. E. duPont Weir, both over hurdles and on the flat, are racing at Tropical Park. *Sauchiehall, the dark bay gelding by Watling Street—Sonsie Wenck, by Sandwich, won on the flat for Mrs. Weir last year at Delaware Park and over hurdles at Aqueduct. After running over hurdles in September at Belmont, he was sent back to the flat ranks in his next outing and won at Belmont on October 4. He did not return to the Weir stable after that start as a claiming halter was slipped on him by W. C. Freeman. *Sauchiehall's latest outing was on December 22. *Torch of Iran, a dark grey, 5-year-old gelding by Tehran (France)—Fiery Cross, by Fairway, was Mrs. Weir's color-bearer as a 3-year-old and in 1951 his first outing was over hurdles at Camden, S. C. in the Carolina Cup meeting. Placing in a claiming event at Pimlico, he was claimed by D. G. Newman. The first time he went postward as a Newman color-bearer, Emerald Hill Stable claimed him. He chalked up a winning trip for his latest owner when he went postward on December 27.

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HAVRE DE GRACE HANDICAP (1 1/8 mi.)

With Aonbarr, second; Pictor, third.

—And he won Questionnaire Handicap (1-1/16 mi.), and many other important races. He ran 2nd in Westchester Handicap (with Alsab 3rd), in the Queens County (with Alex Barth 3rd), in the Fall Hightweight (with Doublab 3rd), etc. He set new track record in Butler, was 1/5 off record in Havre de Grace.

Tola Rose, by Head Play—June Rose, by Myram,
will stand for 1952 season for a fee of

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Shirley, Charles City County, Virginia

Hunting By Car In England



Canadian Sportsmen Arrive In Time To See End of Hunting Season

Allan M. Mitchell

Our non-hunting friends in England had warned us against coming over before the winter had completed its awful spell and while the coal shortage was still on, but we arrived on the first of March in time to see the tag-end of the hunting season.

We had intended stopping one night at the Polygon Hotel, Southampton on dis-embarking, and then moving on to a series of country hotels which we were quite sure would have room for us in the month of March, but the flu which attacked us on the boat, plus the natural reluctance of anyone accustomed to the cosy warm houses of the Laurentians to give up a large well-heated room and bath in England—once found—caused us to linger on. We found the prices moderate—about \$7.28 per day for the two of us for bed and breakfast—and most excellent service as well; moreover the telephone service to the neighbouring hunts presented no difficulty at all.

Our first experience was to call the Kennels of the New Forest and kennel huntsman to proceed to the Inn at the village of Fritham and from thence take a gravel road to what sounded like Helot's Cottage. Remembering that this was the wood in which William Rufus was murdered some 900 years before, we thought it was very quaint of them to retain the word helot which I seemed to remember designated some sort of serf or villain of those times.

The meet was at 11 a. m. and as we had 15 miles to go over unknown roads—about equal to 45 at home—we set off at 9 a. m. After a few miles the light drizzle we had started with became a heavy downpour and within a mile or so of this, the windshield wiper refused to work. A garage failed to fix it, so we crept on, looking for sign-posts to take us to Cadnam, and then to Fritham. I entered one of those really charming English Inns with a thatched roof, low ceilings, darkness and damp, and all the other attributes including a man in his braces with one white eye glass in his spectacles, instructions on how to go on to Fritham. The rain let up and we passed on to an excellent side road where the traffic diminished and we could take time to stop by a village green where the pigs roamed at will and the green bark of the beech trees, and the green of the brick walls and the green of the corrugated iron roofs of the sheds, and the green of the picket fences and the holly trees and the hedges and the green of everything we could see, except the bare tops of the large trees, welcomed eyes which had so recently been gazing on three and one half feet of snow. Green moss grows so quickly on everything over there, even iron, that I doubt, no matter how they try, if they will ever be able to make the country look anything but beautiful.

An old man in Fritham directed us to the Pub in the cheery and friendly way in which everyone over there answers any query. At the Pub, which seemed to combine a little farming with the sale of flat beer, the man, who was feeding the cow, told us what road to take across the green. This road led us into a country of sturdy holly trees and gorse which was just beginning to show its yellow bloom; cattle and

New Forest ponies which are allowed to roam freely everywhere about here, were our only companions. The road seemed to peter out at the top of a hill so we stopped and took counsel as to what we should do, but in a moment a station wagon drove up and halted, and I was able to ascertain that the meet would be about half a mile farther on at the bottom of a hill or in a "bottom" as they say over there, and that we must walk. My flu companion was left in the car with the engine running and the heater on while I followed in the footsteps of the lady of the station wagon.

The muddy road led through a forest of huge, twisted and gnarled beech trees and down to a foot bridge over a small stream. On the other side was Holly Hatch Cottage (my Helot). The lady of the house was not terribly enthusiastic when I asked if hounds were to meet there that day but I had not long to wait for in a moment a small cavalcade came walking down a muddy woodland road. The whip trotted ahead to speak to the lady of the cottage while the Master, who hunted hounds himself, advanced more slowly surrounded by what I took to be about 15 couple of nice big hounds, both dogs and bitches. In spite of the tremendous rain he had come through in his scarlet coat and apron he looked spick and span and as trim as a fighting cock although he had carried the horn for 32 years.

The Field consisted of one lady riding side saddle, her black habit under a heavy raincoat just showing the tip of her toe. (I know this has been going on for years—nay centuries—but I do wonder what happens to one when a fall occurs!) Another younger girl riding astride and one man in topper, both in rain coats completed the Field. My station wagon friend, whose husband wore the top hat, said it was an out-of-the-way meet and on a Tuesday and that explained the small Field; one Saturdays they had about 30 out. She commiserated with the lady of the cottage on losing hens and the other one said, "Yes, I certainly have lost hens—21 of them—the foxes are so plentiful and so bold that they will come in broad daylight and take them. I know you are not allowed to shoot them, and I don't like to do anything understand, but I think something ought to be done about it." To which my station wagon friend replied, "Yes, it is hard to keep them down when we haven't enough whips and the pack becomes divided." However hounds were on to a fox before they had been in the covert many minutes so it is to be hoped they chopped one down because the music stopped very shortly.

The New Forest is a huge territory consisting of rolling downland interspersed with forests of beech and pine. Gorse, which is just about the most prickly thing in the world, and is just now beginning to bloom and holly, which is also a bit spiky, abounds and when hounds are running it must be a tough country to ride over for both horse and hound, not to mention the riders.

The Hambledon Hunt met on Wednesday within 15 or 16 miles of Southampton at the Bat and Ball Inn just opposite a memorial to the Old Hampshire Cricket grounds. The meet was 12 noon so we took our time in motoring through the

country, a most beautiful country of old brick houses with tiled roofs sagging in the very manner of the illustrations for The Pled Piper of Hamelin, or else of thatch which can make any house look beautiful. Many of these country roads carry heavy traffic loads to-day and it is only the very careful driving which permits the safe negotiation of these narrow village streets.

The morning poured over us in whirling gusts of wind and tons of rain. We kept prophesying that it would clear up especially as we still had no windshield wiper, having given up the repair job in favour of the meet. We didn't really believe that anyone would hunt in such weather, but knowing Englishmen and their opinion of rain, we still thought they might, so we set off and looked opaquely through the windshield all day, for it never did stop except for short intervals. We worked our way over narrowing roads to Hambledon village and confirmed the meet as the Bat & Ball and a few minutes later we overtook hounds and a small party in raincoats. I put them down as the amateur huntsman, the professional whip, and two ladies. It was literally pouring water under a driving wind when hounds slipped alongside the Inn and the whip hustled inside to reappear with glasses of a thin, pinkish liquid which might have been gin, the scotch having all gone to Nimrods abroad. More people kept driving or riding up—they seemed to have no fear of the tarmac—and they were clad for an English winter, the riders in raincoats which remained on except for the ones in pink who braved the weather au naturel, and the motorists in rubber boots or gum boots as they are called here, high boots, low boots; the women almost all in trousers of a thickish type. In all 11 trotted along the macadam with the wind and rain howling about them and two more appeared later.

We heard the cheery sound of the huntsman urging on his hounds in the first cover but no sound of hound music before we departed for the Inn in the market town of Petersfield where we enjoyed an excellent lunch close by an electric heater. It is unbelievable how cold and damp these inns can be once you are away from a radiator, or electric grid. Our first idea was to tour the country, stopping off as we felt inclined at any likely looking hotel. After testing a few of them from the safety of the well heated Polygon Hotel in Southampton, we decided that we were not made of the sterner stuff of Englishmen and would find heated hotels first and do our motoring from them as the situation permitted. Fortunately there are always hunts round about so it doesn't matter from that point of view where one makes one's base. These meets usually lead on to something else and the Hambledon led on to Chawton where a certain lady I was travelling with insisted on seeing Jane Austin's house and the tree she planted 135 years ago and the donkey carriage she rode in and her sitting room and her bedroom, but, personally I was so chilled by the cold in each room—and the house is let to three tenants—that I surmised the miners or wood-cutters of England must have provided more of their products in Jane's day else, Emma, Pride and Prejudice, and the rest would never have been written, they would have perished with the cold, that damp, penetrating cold.

The South Dorset met on a rainy looking day at the Giant's Farm, so called because it has the figure of a giant carved in chalk somewhere on the hillside by some Roman or early British gentleman, but we saw the hunt, not the giant. They met on a reasonably traffic free road but as everything is paved there down to the smallest country lane, it is impossible to avoid traffic entirely.

This day there were a ragged looking lot although I found later they had their sunny day clothes as well. The Master is a worthy baronet with a twinkle in his eye and a DSO. M. C. tacked to his name and looks as though he knew a lot more than fox hunting. In any case, he was not backward, when he saw a stranger looking over his hounds, in coming up and extracting five shillings for a raffle or rather cash drawing in

favour of the hunt. So it may be that 100 pounds sterling will in due course find its way to Canada. Pink seems to be rather scarce in this part of England, only the hunt officers and servants appearing in it as a rule.

Some of the outfits were decidedly seedy and the horses were a mixed bag but could go when the time came. I asked one old gentleman in exceedingly ragged rat-catcher, how they still managed to feed hounds. He laughed and said, "You will have to ask the Master that," but then added that they were not yet rationed on oatmeal and horse meat, so as that was what hounds ate, they could still get along. They went off to a nearby cover while a stout farmer—a typical John Bull in shape and features a rarity in England—told me he had been the earth-stopper there for 25 years and while they didn't do as much now as they used to, all the earths were stopped that day.

The road led along a high ridge, giving views on both sides of grass and plough land, prettily laid out in squares and touched here and there by sunlight or shadow. Not squares really, but large fields of a shape to conform to the topography of the land which varied with hill, gully, patches of woods and streams, while here and there, thatched or tiled farm buildings would appear in snug hollows.

As hounds were invisible from the first covert, we motored along quietly, stopping to listen for the horn and any signs of sea gulls or rooks which would tell us which way he had gone. There was nothing but a busy tractor chugging up and down a 20-acre field, so we admired the view which is vast and shrouded in that soft opaque haze which used to keep so many first war planes on the ground in the early morning. Such a contrast to the present when the noise of aircraft, hidden in deep cloud day and night, is to be heard wherever one goes in southern England. It was all beautiful beyond belief. As we slipped down a hill past some farm, we saw a lone horseman on the skyline 200 feet up and 3-4 of a mile in the distance. In a moment hounds appeared, all busily intent on the business in hand, then more riders who held the heights while the huntsman led his hounds down to a little spinney in a hollow.

That was all we saw of them until the afternoon when, by chance, we saw them coming along the road towards us and turn off down a sloping field where at the bottom, hounds put their fox to ground. The whip, who was on some errand or other—it couldn't have been shovels for two men were already descending with them—galloped up the hill, onto the road and proceeded to gallop along the hard macadam, then turn and jump the hedge into a field. This was the first time I had seen them gallop horses on these hard roads but we were to see much more of it before we were through. As my driving companion is particularly squeamish and one-sided about foxes, always having a strong desire to hustle them into the car and away from hounds, she was unwilling to wait to see him dug out. Over there they must kill foxes or someone else will do it for them; they are very plentiful at the moment.

The next day the Cattistock met at Great Toller which is really Toller Porcorum. The day appeared no better than the one before and it turned out very much worse, but weather does not affect the style of the Cattistock. As we approached the meet, we first met a horse van overturned on the highway. The poor driver, who was directing the traffic around his vehicle, looked very foolish but as he was coming from the meet and there were no horses about, I imagine he was returning empty when the accident occurred. Then we came across two top hatted gentlemen unloading and ascertained the location of the meet from them. Most people seem to ride to the meet but those that van usually unload at a good distance from the rendez-vous and loosen up their horses on the way over.

We turned off the main road, down a narrow one to Great Toller where we discovered some 20 top hatted ladies and gentlemen mounted. As many more supporters were assembled around them near a brid-

Continued On Page 20

In the Country



U. S. EQUESTRIAN TEAM MEETING

The Board of Directors of the U. S. Equestrian Team, Inc. met in New York on January 3 to conclude several matters which had been up for discussion. The Prix des Nations Team, the Three-Day-Team and the Dressage Team will definitely go to Camden, S. C. on February 1 was the decision of the board. This will mean quite a bit to the three teams as the weather and footing will enable them to work outdoors and thus mean that the horses and riders will be in better shape when the time comes to leave for Europe. The board also announced that the teams still need a few experience and competent groomers. This offers quite an unprecedented opportunity for such persons to have a free jaunt not only to the Olympic Games at Helsinki but also a chance to see various European shows which are held prior to the Games. Foremost in the minds of all is the attainment of the goal set for the National Fund Campaign. Even while reports are coming in from the various zones, the board is working out the schedule for the teams which includes getting them to Europe, participation in several shows and then getting them home. This is no easy job and a way to make every dollar go farther is being seriously pursued.

HORSEMEN'S VAGUENESS

It has often been said that people who fool with horses are capable of anything. Seems almost a true statement when it was found that Jimmie Burr of Austin, Texas succeeded in locking his car keys inside his car trunk after the recent Edgemoor show in Houston. . . . Another exhibitor had a car which is literally held together with baling wire since it is a 1941 model and a piece of that ever-loving wire managed to do the trick in starting the motor. —The Texan

FIRST A. H. S. A. MEETING

When a meeting was held 36 years ago to organize the American Horse Shows Association, 20 people were present. The meeting was at the Biltmore Hotel and Reggie Vanderbilt was elected president of the newly organized association. On January 4 when the annual meeting of the A. H. S. A. was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, one of the original 20 was on hand—Herbert Ingram. After an interesting and diversified life, Mr. Ingram is still one of the busiest men at a horse show as he competently fills the position of secretary.

SIXTH SENSE

The well-known young horseman Robert Motch has purchased the 3-year-old chestnut gelding Sixth Sense (Psychic—Gold Vein) from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burke.

Sixth Sense started off his 2-year-old form by a good win in the 2-year-old class at Bucks County and through the season continued to demonstrate his class by being among the leaders of his division. At the close of the season when the Virginia Horse Shows Assn. bulletin gave the leaders in each division, Sixth Sense was in 4th place.

Robert Motch needs no introduction to horsemen. He is the fellow who deserted the show ring on a certain Saturday, mounted a grey show-ring, point-to-point winner by the name of Silver Duck and went forth to do battle on the field of timber racing. The race is history, and Robert Motch and Silver Duck won, making the whole business seem like child's play.

LEHIGH

Miss Arvilla Taylor of San Antonio, Texas has a new hunter. She recently bought Lehigh from Col. W. S. Fitzpatrick. The horse is a qualified hunter with the Ft. Riley Hunt and has many ribbons from his competition in Ft. Riley shows. Like so many Army horses, Lehigh is a wonderfully schooled horse.—The Texan

WINE LIST RETIRED

Owners Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Reuben and Harry Trotsek have announced the retirement of Wine List, the stakes winning son of Questionnaire—*Fizz II by Mahna. He will stand at Grant A. Dorland's Roseland Farm No. 1 on the Russell Cave Pike, Lexington, Ky. and his fee will be \$500 to guarantee a live foal. For the 1952 season his book will be limited to 20 mares, including those being bred by his owners and managers.

Harry Trotsek, who trained Wine List and who is continuing to supervise the training of the other Hasty House horses, has acquired a half interest in Wine List. The new addition to the Kentucky stallion ranks was a stakes winner in three seasons, accounting for 10 races and nearly \$100,000. His retirement was forced by a broken bone in his foot, received during the running of the Clang 'Cap. In that race he was leading at the eighth pole after running the first 3-4's in 1:09, finishing 3rd in spite of his injury.

NEW TRAINER

Arthur Gladstone of Brookville, Long Island, is now in Houston, Texas at the Parish Stables where he will train horses for Mr. Parish. A member of the P. H. A., he has hunted and worked in several places in New York and Connecticut.—The Texan

H. AND J. EXHIBITORS ASSN.

The board of directors of the Hunter and Jumper Exhibitors Association went over the entire American Horse Shows Association's list of hunter and jumper judges to make its initial selection of judges to appear in the Hunter and Jumper Exhibitors Assn.'s panel. Those persons who were strictly saddle horse judges or who had been very inactive for a long time were taken off the list. Such elimination removed 30 names completely. There were 60 senior judges which executive steward Christopher Wadsworth was unable to obtain sufficient information about but rather than drop them, they are included in a separate listing. The association would prefer that these 60 judge with somebody from the approved list. As it now stands, the approved list contains 282 names and also includes every junior judge licensed by the A. H. S. A. They felt it would be unfair to take off a junior judge before he had a chance to judge by himself.

Earlier the association had planned on a panel of 75 judges but this idea proved impractical. Keeping in mind that changes will have to be made, the association kept right in step and raised the number to 282. Each show will receive a copy of this list within the next few days.

FRIAR'S MELODY

A top timber horse from the Mid-West Hunt Racing Association circuit had to be put down in December due to injuries received during the 1951 racing season. Purchased by P. T. Cheff in 1948 at the dispersal sale of Remount horses at Front Royal, Va., the 6-year-old Friar's Melody was by *Friar Dolan—Reno Melody, by Reno Irritant. With amateur rider Gerald Helder in the irons,

Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page 9

be noted, had had two earlier foals, both by Whirlaway, and both won.

When these records are correlated with the others, the situation is that of the thirteen mares which produced the eight top colts and five top fillies of 1951, twelve had raced, all of these had won, two were stakes winners and three others had placed in stakes. Of the ten which had previous foals, four had produced stakes winners, four had 100 per cent production records.

I suppose I get a little monotonous in the insistence that six crosses of Bend Or aren't as valuable as a touch of speed, and probably a little disagreeable too, because so few breeders seem to pay any attention to the demonstrable records. Every now and then I hear somebody say of a broodmare, "She'll catalog well." Personally I have learned one secret of reading sales catalogs, which I will pass on to you. When it says, "Toots, foaled in 1944, is a daughter of . . .", skip to the next page. There's grief on that one.

Letters To the Editor

Continued From Page 2

others, Hatton's Grace (winner of the National Hurdle 3 years' running), Cottage Rake (two-time winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup) and Royal Tan (2nd in The National last year).

We flew from Dublin to London Christmas Eve and spent Christmas Day in London. We rode a day or so later and then came on here to Paris. So far, we haven't seen a horse, what with New Year's and all but we plan to go racing at Pau in a day or two.

I'm flying home the last part of this month as I figure I'd better get back to work. If Uncle Sam doesn't object, Gene will stay over until after The National.

Sincerely,

Van
(C. V. B. Cushman, Jr.
and Gene Weymouth)

Paris, France

Friar's Melody won his first outing in 1949 in capturing the North Carolina Cup at the Block-House Meeting. That year he chalked up 2 more winning efforts over timber to make his record at the end of the year, 6 starts, 3 victories, 2 seconds and once out of the money. His starts in 1949 were confined to the Mid-West circuit but he was right on hand in 1950 to go postward in The King Haglar at Camden, S. C., his first outing on the eastern circuit. He was 3rd and came back two weeks later to finish 4th in The Carolina Cup. However, this was to be his year and the timber horse honors were his with 5 winning efforts. He didn't start 1951 with an outing in the King Haglar but waited for The Carolina Cup. With Mr. A. A. Brown up, Friar's Melody and Mrs. Michael Walsh's *Gift of Gold, Jockey F. D. Adams riding, made one and all stand up when they really went tinnancing into the wings 5 jumps from the finish. Everyone thought they would take back after going at such a clip over a couple of jumps but that was not the case. They jumped 4 like that and then *Gift of Gold moved away coming at the last jump and the race was his, with Friar's Melody running a bang up 2nd. In his 6 outings last year, Friar's Melody won once, that being The Deep Run Hunt Cup at Richmond, Va. It is interesting to note that in a total of 21 starts, he was out of the money only twice, in 1949 when he was 9th in the Iroquois Memorial (over

West Hills Master Colorfully Painted

By James N. Slick

James N. Slick's painting of the Master of the West Hills Hunt in Sherman Oaks, Calif., is a striking hunting picture. A pink coat never fails to strike the eye and when coupled with a strong looking white horse, laid against the colorful green landscape and blue California sky, remarkable effect is achieved. Mr. Slick has done a very good likeness of the California Master who has done so much to build up this newly registered far western hunting establishment.

Some years ago a hunt was started near Santa Barbara but after a short while it was given up for lack of support. The West Hills organization, now in its third year of active hunting seems set for a prosperous future. For one thing, considerably more interest in hunters and jumpers has been developed in California of recent years due to the work there of several ranking European horsemen who helped introduce open jumping under F. E. I. Rules. The shows caught on almost at once and now California is making a major contribution in the advancement of our show programs toward modern Olympic calibre obstacle courses and horsemanship in such exhibitions as the Olympic Trials held at Santa Barbara.

The focal point in any such endeavor must of necessity revolve around a hunting establishment for without the hunting program to go along with the show jumping in the ring, the jumping exhibition becomes something of a circus. There must be the practical reason behind show jumping and this picture is being well represented by the West Hills Hunt Club and its M. F. H., Percy Dunn.

Mr. Slick's painting appears excellent of both horse and rider, although his hounds lack a certain sense of proportion. The lead hound is striding out in good form and shows a well balanced cross-bred but his other types show a big bodied, small headed hound on spindly legs which is difficult to place as either English, Cross-bred or American. Actually the West Hills is a drag, hunting American and Cross-bred hounds. It has a good, rolling country at Sherman Oaks of about 4 miles by 6 miles, hunting two days a week.

brush) and when he fell over the 19th jump in The Oaks at the Oak Brook meeting. Mr. Helder, who rode the timber horse in all his 1949-50 outings, with one exception, said he was definitely the best jumper he ever had the privilege of sitting on. His letter goes on, "He was a grand horse and one that comes along just ever so often, he had a heart as big as he was and no fence left him faint hearted".

KANGAROO RECOVERING

All Texas show competitors were delighted to hear the news that Kangaroo, the 1950 open jumper champion of Texas, is well on the mend. He was hurt in a trailer accident and it was thought he would be out for several months, but it is now certain that he will be competing in the Ft. Worth Fat Stock Show the end of January.—The Texan

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On December 1, with a most perfect day overhead and the thermometer in the upper 50's, a field of about 90 people met hounds in Robere E. Strawbridge's meadow.

Though the coverts surrounding his farm were blank, Mr. Cowdin's was not and a fox was viewed away to the north by the car followers on the high hill north of his house. This fox turned east from along the stream east of Mr. Cowdin's house and ran back over the Hicks farm back into the east end of Mr. Cowdin's going south. However, he was headed by a car on the road and turned back over Roland Sharpless' fields to the London Grove Meeting House.

Here he turned west again but was once more headed at the top of the hill on the Hicks farm and ran north over the macadam road through Walton's woods and London Grove Swamp past the Haley barn to ground in the artificial earth at Woodburn's. This was a fast 17 minutes. Plugging the earth, we stopped for a sandwich at the Haley barn and then bolted the fox. Bolting him, he ran in front of all the Field southward into Percy Pierce's. Putting hounds on the line, they raced on a burning scent through this big covert across the road on to Mr. Cowdin's over his drive and through his pines where they were brought to their noses on the freshly manured field.

However, with a minimum of lost time, these 18 1-2 couple of bitches worked their way over the fertilizer and across a newly seeded wheat field to the grass of Mrs. Noyles' old place beyond. Here they drove on again across the road at R. E. Strawbridge's "Handy" place to his main farm, through the meadow where hounds had met in the morning and came abruptly to a loss at a big tree on the very edge of the stream. Myers pointed from across the stream "There's a fresh water mark in that hole in those tree roots". Bringing hounds back to this spot, they were able to mark their fox, even though the hole was about two feet above the water line at a place where the stream was over hounds heads. Reconstructing the fox' movement, it was obvious that he had run to the stream's edge, jumped onto a sandbar, jumped into the deep water, swam to the opposite bank and lurched up into the hole in the tree roots—what an acrobatic feat! Foxes will never cease to amaze and bewilder their supposedly more intelligent pursuers.

Jogging on to the Howard Fulton woods, which were blank, we then found a fox that will remain a hero to those strong enough to stay with him. A quick summation of his abilities would record a point of 6 miles, slightly better than 12 miles as hounds ran, 45 minutes without a check and a total of 2 hours and 15 minutes till hounds were stopped in the pitch dark.

The line this fox took was as perfect as if it were planned on a map for its perfection. Finding in the duPont Quarries, hounds drove their fox out the southeast corner where he unfortunately was headed and ducked back into the Quarry Woods and must have made a quick circle out to the east and over to the Brooklawn Woods. Hounds seemed to lose him completely when he made this hair pin turn, but fresh-found in the Brooklawn Woods and then really settled to the line. Driving with a great cry over the Woodside place, they went back through the Quarries, under the power line at the Bailey Hill, through the Howard Fulton woods, across that glorious valley, up the long hill to Sheep Hill southward through this big covert. Leaving Mrs. E. duPont Weir's ghastly four-rail fences to his right (Mrs. Weir gave up hunting before she built these fences), he went on through Stony Battery then west through the Jones Farm, south again over the railroad to the Stewart Huston farm, leaving Hoods Corner on the right hand. A new pasture had been made on the Huston place, tying up the Field momentarily with wire.

Nevertheless, "never underesti-

mate the ability of a foxhunter", the Field nipped over a corner brace—even jumping the almost bare wire as one horse knocked down the bar. Still hounds were driving relentlessly on an improving scent and almost rolled their fox over in the swamp west of South Club Hill. Luckily the wire fence onto the cinder road saved his brush and hounds drove on across the Lofting's field—even a fresh fox hardly disturbed more than a few hounds. Through the Bromley's paddocks into Carter's Thicket and on to Mrs. Thompson Wood's back entrance across her west paddock, hounds raced over the road onto the Maulton east field. Here our fox turned sharp right-handed across the sunken road onto the Caleb Fulton place and hounds made their first check. Hitting off the line, they ran more slowly, but steadily through the Annie Mullin Field, straight on through the Brooklawn woods to the north, then west again to Baldwin Hill. North over Route 82, they left Mrs. Turner's house on the right hand, went through the pines north of Route 82 and on through Baldwin's (north) to the Becker entrance on the cinder road.

Here the fox ran the road and hounds gave an exhibition of superb concentration as they cast themselves into the road, went up the middle of it led by Anna '48, turned sharp left-handed up a steep bank and ran on with beautiful cry to the Laurels. Barely checking at this big covert's edge they harked on to Sophie '49 and Amy '49 and ran deliberately with really tremendous cry straight through to the High Brow farm and across the dirt road to the Robert Meyers' farm, where a deer ran at right angles to the line of the fox. If a chorus of "Ware haunch" had not broken hounds concentration, it is doubtful whether they would have so much as veered off the line. However, all hounds were stopped at this point except one Gayety '48, who went right on with her fox and was stopped as she almost reached the Mortonville bridge. As it was, the dusk had turned to darkness and we could hardly see enough to count hounds. Ray Hayes' jeep lights escorted the few valiant members of the Field of 90 home. These few were Robert Tindle, on the timber horse, Erin Russell, John S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John C. West, Mrs. Joseph Walker, Jr., John B. Hannum, 3rd, the Master and Willis Myers, whipper-in. However, Miss Nancy Nicholas, her brother, Harry I. Nicholas, Jr., Mrs. Arthur O. Choate and Mrs. Dulany Randolph had pulled out but a moment before hounds were stopped.

This day will go down in the annals of foxhunting's best. —Sandon

"The hunt came home and the hounds were fed. They climbed on their benches and went to bed."

So wrote John Masefield in "Reynard the Fox", and one can be quite sure these 19 1-2 couple of Cheshire bitches needed no rocking to put them to sleep tonight; likewise about two score of humans and their patient four-footed conveyances. These aforementioned Cheshire bitches ran steadily for exactly 2 hours and 30 minutes on December 4 before making their fox go to ground, after as beautiful an exhibition of hound work and skillful handling of the pack as one could wish to see.

A brace of foxes were viewed away from Trimble's Hollow, one pointing due north, the other setting his mask to the westward. Hounds taking Horace Greely's advice, settled to the line of the latter, and making a big ring in the surrounding countryside and keeping the runs of the Gibson house on their right, returned to covert and eventually marked their fox to earth on the Hamilton farm, exactly on the line of his northerly running companion.

Mrs. Hannum quickly and quite wisely lifted the pack to the other line, and opening to it with a great cry, hounds flew on over the Londonderry road to the Vernon farm, bore left through the wood to MacCauley's and on to the Runnymede corner. Then following the brook to Sweeney's they ran on at great pace to Speakman's. Erwin's and over the road to Tipping's vast meadows. Swinging right to Baker's they went on to the Seltzer wood and on through Griffith's and over the road and the river to Webb's.

Keeping Powell's on their left, they raced on through McClee's to recross the Londonderry road, through Trimble's to the Funk Farm. Heading due east, but keeping Hood's corner on their left, hounds ran nearly to the Street Road where they bore right over Mosquito Lane to sink the valley and lead their sobbing pursuers up the long hill to Reynard's home covert. However, these Cheshire ladies were too close to their quarry's white tagged brush for him to dally in covert. Pushing out on practically the original line, this stout hearted customer crossed the Londonderry road for the third time, and keeping the McClee homestead on their right, hounds ran through the rough fields to Speakman's to mark this gallant fox to ground on the Erwin hillside. Martin Gale

It is almost too much to believe that four hard-to-equal days should follow one right after the other, but that is what has happened here at The Cheshire for a week's hunting. Saturday, December 8 was almost the best of the four.

In the morning a fox was found just west of the kennels in the Bewley fields that gave everyone a really top hound-work-sort-of-a-hunt for scent was catchy. Despite the conditions, though, hounds stayed with their fox from the above mentioned field through the Laurels (where a fresh fox was on foot) to Rose Hill and Baldwin's. They came back east through Bewley's woods, the Plantation, over Harry Thompson's, through Cox's, over Chambers' fields into Adams Woods. Here they went over Sam Wickersham's, past St Crossan's to Marlboro, where hounds ran out of scent.

The afternoon fox gave the sport of the day. He ran from the Upland Woods, where he was found, through the two Pinkertons and Taylor's, over Baldwin's and through the duPont quarries. Thence he went through Bailey's, the Sheep Hill, Stone Battery, the Leo Place, Mahlon Brosius', J. Stewart Huston's, over the railroad tracks south of Clonmell Station. From here the line was through the Lofting's and Bromley's to the first check in Mr. Kerr's meadow just west of Morris Dixon, Jr.'s house.

A cast to the west, however, and hounds were off again, running very fast through Carter's thicket and Maule woods, where they swung east past the Wickersham barn over Maulton and Woodside farms through Brooklawn to Taylor's, where the fox was badly headed by an unnecessary halloo on Route 82.

As it was then ten of 5 o'clock, almost dark, and hounds had run this fox for 1 hour and 50 minutes at an unbelievably fast pace, we called it a day. This was a point of approximately 3 miles and 10.6 as hounds ran.—Sandon

Hunting In England

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ge at a cross roads in the village. More riders kept appearing from side roads and the honorary secretary, who was on foot, was kept busy taking in his cap money. In a few moments they were off over the bridge and up a hill—a fine looking lot, well dressed in black for the most part, and very well mounted.

The road became narrow until two of the narrow guage English cars could barely pass each other. At the top of a hill a muddy farm road led off to the left along which the members of the field were slowly making their way while the huntman could be seen on the farther hillside taking his hounds down into the covert which lay in between. The fox terrier man got out of his car with the perkiest little wire wire haired terrier who was crying to be off on his own hunting business. In a moment an old gentleman of about 60, who was as spry as one of 40, rode up on a beautiful horse and we showed him where they had gone.

The car followers had a long wait in the inevitable rain before the horn sounded and those who knew the country, pushed round the corner and turned left at a cross roads. When we arrived at the top of the next rise, we stopped some distance behind the other cars. As we did so, the fox crossed the road in front of us, going all out. He was quickly followed by the huntsman who galloped madly down the hard road

blowing his horn all the way. A little beyond us he turned into a farm road and was away, followed by about 4 of the Field, the others passed lower down and we did not see them.

After some consultation, all the cars advanced to a convenient turning place and returned to where we had come from. I found myself blocked by a car ahead of me which had pulled up near a hedge. I waited while a gentleman, clad in a rain cap which revealed his riding breeches and pale blue stockings leading down to gaiters and boots, after consulting with the car ahead, came back to me. Leaning in the window he said in a whisper, "The fox is expected to cross here. Do you mind waiting?" Of course we didn't and although old Reynard didn't oblige us with a view, he turned before us and went by to the right, just out of sight. The next thing we saw were hounds tearing across the field to a high hedge which they seemed to have some difficulty in getting through as they packed up at one spot where eventually they all squirmed through. I imagine they do not like making their own holes through these hedges for they are vicious things of hawthorn, briar and whatnot.

Pink coats then appeared and took the first hedge which seemed to have an opening in it. The second, which was high, was nicely jumped by a great number, including a lady who seemed to be outrunning the Master or huntsman, whichever it was who led the Field. Many came down to the road, led by an old gentleman in a top hat who sported the most wonderful set of Dundreary whiskers which were swept back by the wind of his passing. He was followed by men and women astride and side-saddle who galloped along the hard road as hard as they could go, not seeming to have the slightest worry over horses slipping on the macadam. I asked a hunt supporter whether horses were sharp shod or wore Mordax, but he said no. Personally, I would rather take the fences.

As it was near lunch time, we returned to our nicely heated hotel. That was the last we saw of the Cattistock but for a fleeting glimpse of a top hatted pair of riders emerging from a fog as we made our way to Weymouth the next day. They were dressed for the hunt but how anyone could find hounds in that fog was a mystery.

The South Dorset met at Dewley which we reached by way of Piddlington. It was a lovely day for hunting and the sun shone at times so that the Dorset were out in their best. The old gentleman who had been clothed before in the most woebegone rat-catcher, was today resplendent in top hat and black coat and much more style was shown throughout. To show that it was a genuine hunt of the countrymen, there was a quota of rubber boots and breeks of purely utilitarian value.

Fortunately we ran into the whole hunt as they approached the field where they were to throw in. We had a lovely view from a hillside of hounds drawing a small covert in which there were a few scattered trees. Some of the Field—about half of them—cannily stayed by a hay stack to see which way hounds would run before committing themselves. These proved the wisdom of their action for Reynard left the covert left-handed above them and they were all able to join the chase some mile further on than their companions.

A countryman beside us claimed he saw the fox go away but we only saw hounds as they puzzled the line across the road a large field and into a neighboring wood. From here he circled around to our left and crossed the road again behind us. The Field was stopped by wire so that the whole lot of them turned back and led by the Master, galloped back a farm road in front of us and then turned onto the hard road and approached our car at a full gallop. What they would have done if they had met a car at a turn, I do not know. In any case, I consider the road work the hazardous part of English hunting, both for horse and man. As we were on our way to see Stourhead, the estate of the Hoare family now owned by the National Trust, we left the South Dorset to what looked like a very pleasant day.

